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IN THE
Ojibway
Country



A Story of
EARLY MISSIONS
ON THE
Minnesota Frontier

REV. JAMES PEERY SCHELL

WALHALLA, N. D.
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1911

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CLASS

TO
THE MISSIONARY PIONEERS
OF THE
American Northwest

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CONTENTS

Foreword	ix
Biographical	xI
I	
INTRODUCTORY	
Explorations and Missionary Operations prior to 1842	1
II	
A CALL FROM THE WILD	
The Ayers at Oberlin—Departure of Messrs Ayer and Spencer for the Minnesota wilderness—Young Spencer at Red Lake.....	5
III	
OBERLAIN'S RESPONSE	
A pioneer party organized—Passing up the lakes— At Sault Ste Marie—"One littie sailing vessel"—At La Pointe—Afloat in a birch bark canoe—First im- pressions of Indian life and manners—Up the St. Louis and Mississippi rivers—Arrival at Red Lake.	9
IV	
MAKING A HOME IN THE WILDERNESS	
A lonely sentinel—An Indian tradition of Red Lake —Living on maple sugar—Making hay under diffi- culties—Working and waiting—A longed-for arri- val—At home in a bark hut—Winter in the forest..	14
V	
MOTIVES AND METHODS	
Going forth "without purse or scrip"—Seeking the lost—Teaching in Indian homes—"Dogs and ver- min"—No "pic-nic!".....	19

VI

INDIAN LAW AND LANGUAGE

Unfriendly demands—An “upright judge”—Dealing with a thief—Stolen money recovered—Laying in for winter—A wonderful language.....	23
	VII

MID-WINTER TRIP TO FORT GARRY

The Red river settlement—Preparation for the journey—Traveling over the ice—A “phenomen” and a catastrophe—Floundering amid the waves—“A hoof left behind”—Drying one’s clothes for Sunday....	30
	VIII

AT FORT GARRY AND OLD KILDONAN

Warm greeting at the settlement—“Canadian reciprocity”—Banqueted by the governor—Embarrassing hospitalities—Preaching at Kildonan—Loaded up for the return trip.....	36
	IX

PERILS IN THE WILDERNESS

On the prairie without a guide—Missing the trail—Camp duties—A Sabbath of unrest—Lost matches—Lost dinner—“Old Watch”.....	43
	X

PERILS OF WATERS

An un-happy New Year—A bad crossing—Breaking the ice—A sorry Saturday night—Home at last....	49
	X

WORKING AND WINNING

In an Indian family—Sharing with the needy—Rescuing the perishing—Indians in tears.....	54
	XII

FOREST EXPERIENCES

Independence day in the wilderness—Fighting the enemy—A fish diet—A heathen carousal—One of Christ’s “little ones”—Winter approaching—First church in the wilderness.....	60
---	----

XIII

MID-WINTER JOURNEY AND MID-SUMMER
TRIALS.

The "Twin cities in 1845—First grist mill—Smoking
the pipe of peace—Home longings—A heathen pan-
demonium—Threatening crisis safely passed 65

XIV

NEW CALLS FOR "TEACHERS"

Leach lake abandoned—Overtaken by a storm—Cass
lake pleading for "teachers"—A mysterious "call"
from the north shore—Disappointment—Cass lake
Mission located..... 71

XV

RIOTING AND MOURNING

The "Indian trader"—Fire water—A ruined home—
Sad death and burial of Indian girl—An afflicted
father—Revival begun..... 76

XVI

MISSION OPENED AT CASS LAKE

Schoolhouse founded in prayer—"Mid scenes of con-
fusion"—Native singing—Inquiring chieftain—
Light in the darkness..... 81

XVII

DAYS OF TRIAL

Nursing the sick—A grateful family—Chief in a rage
—An aged philosopher—A scene in the school room
—A peace embassy—The missionaries comforted—
Church organized at Cass lake.—New arrivals 86

XVIII

LOOKING HOMEWARD

The "white man's wedding"—Embarked on the Mis-
sissippi—First night out—Perilous ride over rapids—
Stuck on a rock—"Watching the fun"—At Sandy
lake—The interpreter Tanner..... 94

BOOK THREE**I.**

THE GREAT LONE LAND. 161

II.

FOUNDING OF THE RED RIVER COLONY. 165

III.

RIVAL RELIGIOUS INTERESTS. 168

IV.

ARRIVAL OF REVS. BLACK AND NESBIT. 170

APPENDIX

(A)—An Important Treaty.	176
(B)—Observations on the Algonquin Languages.	182
(C)—Pioneer Printing Presses.	183
(D)—Historical Significance of American Missions.	184
(E)—Walhalla Martyrs Memorial	186

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

Frontpiece

Minnesota and Dakota Frontier, Map.....	vii
Oberlin Band.....	12
Ft. Garry, exterior, 1845.....	36
Ft. Garry, interior, 1845.....	40
Red Lake, Minn., in summer.....	60
St. Louis River and	
Pokegama Falls, Minnesota.....	96
Walhalla, 1862.....	120
Hon. Chas. Cavileer's Home and post-office,	
Pembina, 1850.....	124
Elijah Ferry.....	132
Kittson's Trading Post, 1852.....	136
The Barnard Tombstone.....	144
Burial Lot of The Walhalla Martyrs.....	148
Walhalla, N. Dak., 1888.....	152
The Spencer Home, 1853.....	158
Groupe at Memorial Service, 1888.....	187



Minnesota and Dakota Frontier

FOREWORD



The greater portion of the materials embraced in this little volume have been gathered from the private journals and correspondence of those who were the leading actors in the events described. We had hoped to obtain much valuable and interesting information from the surviving members of the pioneer missionaries of Minnesota, Rev. Frederick Ayer and wife; but were grieved to learn that all their early journals and papers bearing on the matters in hand had unfortunately been destroyed by fire many years ago.

Altho the task undertaken in the preparation of this humble narrative of early missionary labors among the native tribes of our northern frontier, has necessarily been performed amid the cares and distractions incident to the daily life of a frontier missionary, the results, such as they are, are now committed to a charitable public, in the hope and prayer that the lessons to be derived therefrom, in the patient and heroic lives of the various actors, may not be wholly lost; but that the toils and tears of those devoted servants and martyrs of Christ, may have yet richer fruitage in the coming years.

J. P. S.

Warren, Minn., April, 1910.

Biographical Sketches

To the Rev. Frederick Ayer and his devoted wife belongs the honor of being regarded as the pioneer Protestant missionaries in the wilds of northern Minnesota, and the founders of the Red Lake Missions in 1842.

Mr. Ayer was born at old Stockbridge, Mass., in 1803; and removed with his father's family, the Rev. Oliver Ayer, to central New York, when only three years of age. He intended to study for the ministry, but owing to ill health was compelled to abandon the idea for a time; and afterwards engaged in secular business in Utica. While thus employed he received an appointment from the American Board to teach their Mission school at Mackinac, where he was shortly after married to one of the teachers of the school, Miss Elizabeth Taylor.

From there, in the spring of 1831, the couple set out on their life-long mission among the natives in the wilds of northern Minnesota. After a year spent at Sandy lake, where the first school ever established in what is now the State of Minnesota was opened by Mrs. Ayer, they were transferred to Yellow lake; and thence, some two years later, to Pokegama, where their work was greatly prospered until abruptly terminated by a Sioux incursion in 1841.

After some time spent in connection with the establishment of the Mission at Red lake, they removed, in 1849, to the vicinity of Belle Prairie, where they attempted to open a school for the children of the white settlers then coming into the country. But the opening of the civil war, followed by the terrible outbreak of the Sioux Indians in 1862, effectually closed their efforts in that region.

In 1865 they went to Atlanta, Ga., to engage in teaching among the freedmen; and there, some years later, Mr. Ayer was called home from his earthly labors. Mrs. Ayer then joined her sons, Walter and Lyman, at the old home in Minnesota, where at the ripe age of upwards of ninety years, she also quietly passed to her heavenly reward.

One who knew her well thus wrote of her a short time before she was called away: "Her old age is beautiful; her faith clear as the noonday; and her sweet presence will be sadly missed in her son's household, when she shall be called to join her loved ones gone before, and be forever with the Lord. . . . She is a living embodiment

of a well-spent life; a life in which self has been entirely ignored, and Christ honored and glorified."

THE REV. ALONZO BARNARD was born in Peru, Vermont, June 2, 1817; and removed with his father's family to Elyria, Ohio, at the age of seventeen. He studied at Oberlin college; and after their graduation, in 1843, was married to Miss Sarah Philena Babcock, a classmate in the same institution. Immediately after their marriage they set out in company with Mrs. Ayer and others, to engage in missionary labors among the Ojibway (Chippewa) Indians on the far northern frontier of Wisconsin Territory—now Minnesota.

They and their associates labored at Red, Leech, and Cass lakes, as well as at other points, in that wild region, during a period of ten years; when the Barnards and Spencers removed to St. Joseph, now Walhalla, on the northern border of Dakota; and sought to open a school for the Indian and French half-breed children living in the vicinity of that important frontier trading post.

Here Mrs. Barnard soon ended her earthly labors—followed the ensuing summer by the tragic death of Mrs. Spencer. The Mission being broken up the following year by the increasing hostility of the Sioux Indians, Mr. Barnard took refuge in the Red river settlement of Kildonan, near the present site of the city of Winnipeg.

After spending some years in that region, a portion of the time in missionary labors among the Indians about lake Winnipeg, he removed, in 1863, to Benzonia, Mich., where he and other members of the family continued for a number of years thereafter to reside. He died at the

home of his son and daughter in Pomona, Mich., on April 7, 1905.

MR. DAVID B. SPENCER was the first to accompany Mr. Ayer to the northern wilderness in the winter of 1842-3; and shared in the early exploration and location of the first mission station at Red lake. Some years later, in 1848, he was married to Miss Cordelia Leonard, who was engaged as a teacher in the Mission at Cass lake. They labored afterward at lake Winnibegoshish; and in 1853 accompanied the Barnards to St. Joseph in northern Dakota.

After the untimely death of his wife, and the removal of the motherless children to Ohio, he never returned to St. Joseph; but connected himself once more with his old Mission at Red lake. There he was afterwards married to Miss Ferry; who, in 1854, had joined the Mission at Cass lake. When the work at Red lake was abandoned, some three years later, they went to the Indian Mission on lake Superior; and after three years of devoted service there, retired to Benzonia, Mich., where they quietly spent the remainder of their days.

Mr. Spencer's youngest daughter, Charlotte, afterwards engaged as a missionary in Turkey under the American Board. His son, David Brainard, Jr., an infant in his mother's arms at the time of her tragic death, afterwards entered the ministry in connection with the Congregational church.

THE REV. SELA G. WRIGHT, to whom the writer is indebted for much of the materials found herein, was also from Oberlin college; and accompanied Mrs. Ayer and

the Barnards, and others, to Red lake in the summer of 1843. He remained with the Mission until the time of its abandonment, in 1857; after which he was employed as a teacher in the government school at Cass lake, continuing to preach, meanwhile, to the Indians in the vicinity, as opportunity afforded.

The school, having been afterwards closed by reason of the Indian uprising of 1862, he followed the Ayers into the South, where for several years he labored among the freedman; and after returning north, resumed his labors in connection with the Government's Indian boarding school at Cass lake. Mr. Wright remained in the service of the Government as a teacher until the year 1883, when failing health compelled him to relinquish his work for a time. He was, however, employed subsequently by the Presbyterian Board as a missionary among the Indians in the region of lake Superior, from which he finally retired to spend the remnant of a long and eminently useful career amid the quiet shades and loved associations of "old Oberlin."





In The Ojibway Country



BOOK ONE

I.

INTRODUCTORY.

Previous to the advent of the great railway lines, with their accompanying invasions of peoples of diverse nationalities, the immense natural resources of the forests, mines, and prospective harvests of northern Minnesota and the Dakotas were practically unknown and unsuspected by the people of "the States," and of the world at large.

But this whole region, embracing the principal watershed of the continent, and stretching away toward the rockies and the arctic sea, is a truly vast and varied one. Notwithstanding the rigor of the climate during the long winter months, it has from the earliest times formed a chosen habitat for the many fur-bearing animals of the north, as well as for a great variety of waterfowl and fish, affording thereby to the early explorers, traders and native tribes a wide and attractive field for their roving

occupations and hardy enterprizes.

For these, also, it had provided from a very remote past, by means of its continuous chain of lakes and connecting waterways, a natural and convenient route for their frequent movements back and forth between the head of the great lakes and the plains and river valleys of the farther northwest.

Fringed on its eastern border by the pines and maples of the Minnesota forests, the fertile valley of the Red River of the north, some fifty miles in width by three hundred in length, lies smooth and level as the surface of its own prehistoric sea when unruffled by storms. Beyond it, stretching far to the westward, the higher plains, treeless and breezy, advance by almost imperceptible stages toward the dome of the distant "Rockies."

All these vast areas were threaded at intervals by the well-worn trails of the buffalo, and of the native tribes and hunters in quest of their chosen game. The possession of this wild domain had long been contested by the various Indian tribes: The Ojibways, or Chippewas, claiming the eastern lake and forest regions of northern Minnesota, the proud and war-like Sioux ranging with the buffalo the exposed and unsheltered Dakota plains, while the more mild and peaceable Crees fished and hunted undisturbed in the less favored regions of the farther north.

After the early explorers, Hennepin, Marquette, and LaSalle—the latter of whom in 1680 reached the head of lake Superior, and passing westward over the divide, descended the channel of the upper Mississippi as far as the falls of St. Anthony—the first to explore the territory and give the result of his observations to the world was Captain Jonathan Carver. At the head of a company of English provincials he traversed the country

lying between the St. Anthony falls and lake Superior in 1767, and published an account of the same in London the following year.

In 1820, only a few months after the location of Ft. Snelling, the historian Schoolcraft accompanied Gen. Lewis Cass on a government expedition through the same region; and in 1823 conducted a similar expedition himself, which resulted in the discovery of the true source of the Mississippi river, and in the publication of much valuable and interesting material relative thereto.

Following the reports of these discoveries, interest began to be awakened among individuals and the various Missionary societies in regard to the spiritual condition and needs of the various native tribes found to be occupying these then far away regions. And among the very first to offer their services for the good of the Indian were the Rev. Frederick Ayer and his courageous wife; who, accompanied by Mr. W. A. Aitken, located, in the spring of 1831, their first mission station at Sandy lake, not far from the Mississippi river. There, also, Mrs. Ayer opened her first school for the instruction of the native children,—the first ever opened in the northern portion of what is now the state of Minnesota. The following year they returned to La Pointe, and from there they went to Yellow lake; Mr. E. F. Ely having succeeded them at Sandy Lake as teacher and catechist. About 1832-3 a mission station was opened at Leech lake by the Rev. W. T. Boutwell; and another at Fon du Lac, near the head of lake Superior, in 1834.

In the spring of 1835 the Ayers, having but recently removed from Yellow lake, established another mission at lake Pokegama, some distance north of their first location at Sandy lake. When joined the following year by Messrs. Boutwell and Ely, the new-comers found on their arrival there, "some ground already cleared, a school

building, with a school in charge of Mrs. Ayer, and also a number of log dwellings built and occupied by the Indians and their families."

Here for several years the missionaries of the American Board continued to labor in comparative tranquility; during which time great changes were wrought in the spiritual, as well as temporal condition of the natives. But this promising work was brought to a sudden and unhappy termination by an unexpected attack of the hostile Sioux, who slaughtered a number of the unoffending Ojibways, and caused the rest to flee from their homes and seek a less exposed shelter elsewhere.

This fresh outbreak among the Indians necessitated the withdrawal of the missionaries from the region, and seriously interfered for a time with all further movements to and fro of a peaceable sort. They could only wait, therefore, in patience and hope for the way to open, which now appeared to be almost hopelessly closed. Happily they had not long to wait for the "moving of the cloud;" for only a few months later, a treaty was affected with all the tribes living northwest of lake Superior, and they were free to resume with revived faith and courage their recently suspended labors among a dispersed but interesting people.

II

A CALL FROM THE WILD.

From the wild heart of a Minnesota forest to the classic halls of Oberlin college was, a couple of generations ago, indeed "a far cry;" nevertheless it is here that the beginnings of the present narrative are to be found. Planted by sons of the pilgrim fathers in the early settlement of the country, this noble institution of Christian learning has loyally continued to realize the faith and purpose of its founders; and stands today the pride and ornament of one of northern Ohio's most beautiful and cultured towns.

Under the presidency of the famous revivalist, Dr. Chas. G. Finney, the college reached its high-water mark of religious fervor and missionary zeal; and came to be widely known as a choice recruiting ground for the army of consecrated heroes already pushing their conquests to the uttermost parts of the earth. It was during this

period, in the autumn of 1842, that the college was visited by some of the recently exiled missionaries, the Ayers, who after more than a dozen years of patient, self-denying labor among the Indian tribes of the far northwest, had come hither in the hope of securing additional laborers for their vast and newly-opened field.

Their plain, unvarnished recital of missionary enterprise and achievement among the benighted natives of those remote regions, was listened to by both the faculty and students with deepest interest; and a number of the latter were moved to a prayerful consideration of the claims of the unevangelized races of their own land upon their Christian sympathies and devotion.

The first to declare himself ready at once to accompany these veterans to their distant field was young Spencer, a pale, slender youth, whose baptismal name, "David Brainard," served to recall the apostolic labors of his godly predecessor, who a hundred years before had worn out his consecrated life among the wretched natives of "Crossweeksung" and the ever memorable "forks of the Delaware."

Leaving his wife and their two young sons among kind friends and relatives in the vicinity of Oberlin, Mr. Ayer and his youthful ally set out almost immediately in the face of approaching winter, for the distant scene of their future labors—their object being to explore the country and to make ready for the work contemplated for the following spring—when, as they had reason to hope, a larger force of workers would be ready to accompany Mrs. Ayer and her sons to the scenes with which she had already become familiar.

Passing as speedily as possible around the great lakes, their tedious journey being much interrupted by autumnal gales and other trying conditions, they finally arrived

at La Pointe, situated on one of the Apostle islands off the south coast of lake Superior. Here was located a trading post of the American fur company; and near by was also a Mission station of the American Board, with Revs. Wheeler and Hall in charge. At this longed-for haven the tired, weather-beaten travellers were most cordially welcomed, and the time of their brief sojourn was fully occupied with preparations for an extended tour thro the region lying some hundreds of miles to the northwest of their present stopping place.

After providing themselves with a couple of "dog trains," and the necessary supplies for the journey, they set forth on their wintry undertaking. Proceeding for a hundred miles along the ice-bound shore of the lake, they arrived at Fon du Lac, at the mouth of the St. Louis river, and nearly opposite the site of the present city of Duluth. At the trading post located here they made a brief stop in order to replenish their supplies; after which, taking their bearings, they plunged with their dogs into the wintry depths of the forest.

It was a wild and dreary region thro which their course now lay. Its only inhabitants were remnants of the untaught native tribes and the numerous wild beasts infesting the forest. Accompanied only by their faithful dogs they traced the uncertain trails of the gloomy wilderness day after day, reposing with them at night beneath the silent stars and the ever-moaning pines. However accustomed the veteran Ayer might be to such an environment, bewildering indeed to his less experinced companion was the sudden transition from college halls and mates to the wild and inhospitable solitudes of the "forest primeval;" whose shrouded pines and dismantled oaks and maples were rocked betimes by howling blasts, and echoed dismally to the distant cry of hungry wolves fiercely pursuing their prey.

But the constant novelty and excitement incident to the strange journey, the tingling ozone of the frost-laden atmosphere, and above all the abiding sense of the Master's presence and approval, sustained His lonely servants even there and nerved them anew for their life-long ministry of self-denying toil and hardship for the welfare of the benighted heathen. Inspired by the spirit and example of their divine Master, they pursued their difficult and lonely journey along the unaccustomed trails by day; and wrapping themselves at night in their heavy fur robes, lay down before the blazing fire of their otherwise cheerless camp, to dream of home and loved ones far away.

Two long winter months were thus spent in exploring the wilderness, resulting in the selection of a couple of sites for the location of mission stations in the spring. One of these was at Leech lake, fully two hundred miles from the head of lake Superior; the other some seventy miles farther north, on the south shore of Red lake.

Kindly received by the large body of Indians located there, and having made satisfactory arrangements with their chiefs, they at once commenced operations at the latter place, building a bark hut and clearing some ground for the planting of a garden early the following spring. Then, upon the completion of these preliminary preparations, Mr. Ayer returned with his dogs to La Pointe in order to anticipate the uncertain arrival of his family and such other helpers as might have been found willing to accompany them at the close of the college year. But for several long months thereafter the lonely outpost on the shore of the far northern lake, remained in the charge of its solitary sentinel—the brave young Spencer.

III.

OBERLIN'S RESPONSE.

Meanwhile interest in the new missionary movement continued to spread thro northern Ohio centering about Oberlin—resulting in the consecration of a number of young persons for the work from the college, and in the formation of a new society to aid in their support on the field. Dr. Wm. Lewis, P. O. Johnston, Alonzo Barnard and their wives, and Sela G. Wright formed the advance guard of a still larger company of workers who followed them in after years to the northern frontier.

The newly organized Society under whose auspices they went forth, being as yet without funds or wealthy patronage, could promise—in addition to such merely nominal aid in the way of clothing and industrial supplies as the local church societies might be able to furnish—only their “sympathy and prayers.”

With small expectation, therefore, of receiving any substantial assistance from their fellow Christians, the little band of missionary volunteers bade farewell to friends and college halls, and resolutely committing themselves to the "God of missions," were soon on their way with Mrs. Ayer to seek in the distant wilderness the field of their future labors for the Master they loved.

While the journey of these young people was seldom lacking in novelty, variety of new and strange scenery, and oftentimes startling and interesting experiences, yet viewed as a "pleasure trip," it had very little in common with any of the delightful summer excursions so attractively advertised at the present time by the public carriers, covering the same or similar routes and completed in a few hours, or days at the furthest.

Mr. Wright, the bachelor member of the party, has furnished most of the details of the trip:

Passing late in June up the lakes to Detroit, they were cordially received by a warm and generous friend of missions, Robert Stuart, Esq. This gentleman, who had also studied at Oberlin, was at the time Superintendent of Indian affairs for the northwestern territory; and it was thro him that the treaty with the Indians the previous summer had been effected. It was also owing to his wise management and warm interest in the welfare of the natives that the inauguration of the work among them was now made possible and desirable. An earnest Christian himself, and possessing a large fund of practical wisdom and experience in dealing with the Indians, he was capable of imparting much valuable information and advice to the young missionaries just out of college, with reference to the management of their future work.

From Detroit they proceeded as far as Ste. Marie, where for two entire weeks they were compelled to await the arrival of the *one* little sailing vessel then on the lake, and which was owned by the American fur com-

pany. The buildings found there were exceedingly rude and primitive, consisting wholly of logs, and of a single story in height. The only imaginable exception to this order was a "three story" hotel, with all three stories on the ground, and formed by the union of three small log buildings. The goods at this point had to be unloaded and hauled around the "rapids," a distance of nearly two miles, by means of little Indian ponies hitched to the primitive two-wheeled carts!

Could any one of that little company of scarcely more than three-score years ago be permitted to pass those same "rapids" today—controlled by their massive locks of granite and iron, thro which is constantly pouring the immense and varied tonnage of mighty empires—how marvelous would seem the transformations of the intervening years. And a similar observation might also be made with regard to the proud young cities of Duluth and Superior, past whose now populous shores and crowded docks, only the Fur Company's "one little sailing vessel" was then wont to make an occasional trip.

After the lengthy delay at Ste. Marie, and another two weeks on the way thence to La Pointe, the young recruits were cordially welcomed by the older missionaries located there; and also by Mr. Ayer, who was anxiously awaiting the long looked-for arrival of his wife and the two little boys. It was at once decided in council with the other missionaries, that Dr. Lewis and Mr. Johnston and their wives, together with an interpreter, should occupy the station at Leech lake; while the others would proceed to Red lake, some seventy miles farther, and relieve the heroic Spencer of the sole responsibility of his mission there.

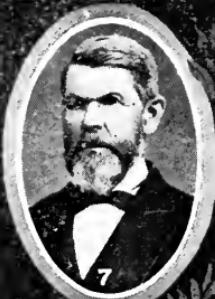
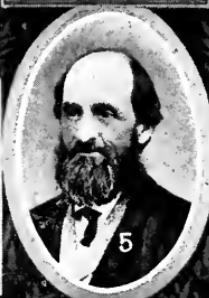
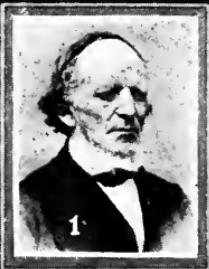
Inasmuch as prompt action was necessary in order to make the needful preparation for the ensuing winter, the younger men were advised to set out immediately for their respective fields; Mr. Ayer and the women to fol-

low later upon the return of the vessel with the household goods, which, for lack of space, they had been compelled to leave behind at Detroit.

The distance remaining to be traversed by the party before reaching their destination was fully three hundred miles—the first stage of their journey after leaving the lake being by way of the St. Louis river. A canoe of the largest pattern, formed of birch bark, about twenty-four feet in length, and capable of carrying a ton's burden, was accordingly procured; and with it three French "voyageurs" to row the same up stream. Everything, including the clothing, flour, and other needful supplies, was put up in packs of seventy-five pounds each—all of which, as well as the boat itself, the men had to carry on their shoulders over the "portages," or carrying places, between the non-connecting streams.

It was the last week in July when the party set out from La Pointe. Making their way in their large canoe along the south shore of the lake, their first stopping place was Fon du Lac, where they found a Methodist mission station, in charge of an interpreter. During their brief stay here, the travellers enjoyed rare opportunities for observing some of the customs and domestic habits of the Indians; but as even their boatmen could not understand or speak a word of English, their facilities for inter-communication were practically *nil*. They were, however, able to obtain here their first object lesson in Indian cookery, which in respect to both form and substance was but poorly calculated to whet the appetite of a modern epicure, if such they had been.

From this point they proceeded up the St. Louis river; then carrying their boat and baggage over the divide, and descending a smaller stream, they entered the Mississippi river in the vicinity of Sandy lake. Here they found another Methodist mission, planted by the Ayers nearly



1-MR WRIGHT

2-MR. ADAMS

4-MR. SPENCER

7-MR. FISHER

—5—

IN MEMORY
OF
Mrs. CORNELIA SPENCER
Mrs. E.T. AYER.
REV. F. AYER.

3-MRS. ADAMS

5-MR. BARNARD

6-MRS. SPENCER(2)

8-MRS. BARNARD

9-MRS. FISHER

THE OBERLIN BAND.

a dozen years previously, and occupied by the Methodist missionaries since 1839. At this place, as at others along the route, were still to be seen the remains of the old French trading posts of the Northwestern fur company, established throughout the region more than a century before, while the country was still under French domination.

At Leech lake Messrs. Lewis and party were installed; and passing thence up the Mississippi river, the balance of the company arrived some time later at Pokegama, located at the rapids of the same name, and consisting of a small Indian village and trading post. Here they were reminded of the earlier labors and trials of their senior missionaries, with the sad disturbances and flight of the previous summer. However, out of the somber shadows of a sorrowful past they felt that a brighter day was about to dawn, as both here and indeed all along the way to their new field they had found the natives "exceedingly kind and friendly."

After passing Cass lake ,and having carried their boat and contents over the continental divide, a few more days of continuous rowing sufficed to bring the weary voyagers within sight of their desired haven, on the southern shore of the Red lake. Here they found a large body of very peaceable Indians, fully twelve hundred in number, and whose chief and head men received them very cordially expressing themselves as being much pleased that the "teachers" had come to live among them, under their sheltering pines and by the wave-washed shore of their noble lake.

7 o'm' g'li
g'li z'k'w' z'k'w'
g'li' omlo'li
elzo bus'li
nec'li' amro

IV.

MAKING A HOME IN THE WILDERNESS.

It was at Red lake, also, that the new-comers found their "Livingston"—young Spencer, who for six long months had remained a weary, but faithful sentinel at his lonely post. Hundreds of miles from any one with whom he might be able to converse or exchange in a familiar tongue a Christian salutation, they found him living in his little bark hut, cultivating a small garden, and subsisting almost wholly on fish and the meager allowance of maple sugar with which he had [been supplied from time to time by the friendly Indians.]

The lake was reached on the 14th day of August—just six weeks from the date of their setting out from La Pointe. They had found the journey a sufficiently painful and exhausting one, toiling almost constantly at the oars in rowing the boat up stream, or in carrying the

heavy burdens over the portages in the hot mid-summer days; and compelled at night—oftimes amid violent storms—to sleep in the open air, without tents or shelter of any sort. Meanwhile they were tortured both day and night almost beyond endurance by the ever-insatiable swarms of mosquitoes.

Very grateful, therefore, it seemed to the tired wayfarers, to be permitted to lay down at last the long accustomed oars, and rest from the weary voyage on the peaceful shore of the forest-fringed lake, where for a time at least the field of their future activities was to be found.

The young missionaries were charmed with the lake and its lovely, restful surroundings. Heavily timbered along its southern shore where their camp was to be located, it stretched far away to the east and north, enclosing a veritable inland sea. Its waters were abundantly supplied with excellent fish; while the soil in the immediate vicinity was found to be exceedingly deep and fertile.

Upon inquiring of the Indians concerning the origin of the name by which the lake was known, they were informed of the traditional belief that under the water was another world, forming a sort of counterpart to the one we inhabit; that it is also inhabited by men and animals the same as our own; and that far back in the remote past there was a desperate battle among the animals, in which great numbers were killed—their blood giving to the water of the lake its reddish tinge.

The missionaries had brought some flour with them; but having encountered frequent storms on the way, it had become moldy and sour. Yet this same flour, together with some maple sugar obtained from the Indians—and an occasional fish—was for many weeks thereafter their only food, until an additional supply was obtained from the Red river settlement in Manitoba. They had

neither salt nor grease of any kind; and when young Spencer was asked how he had managed to subsist so long on maple sugar alone, he quietly replied, "Oh, it's easy enough—when one gets accustomed to it; I've had little else to eat ever since last spring."

A few days after the arrival of the men, Messrs Barnard and Wright went out in search of meadow land for hay. This they found some fifteen miles west of their camp, and proceeded at once to secure the crop. Their diet—consisting meanwhile of the two above-mentioned articles, maple sugar and sour flour—proved to be rather slender fare for vigorous young men in a new country, and possessed of ravenous appetites. Nevertheless, at the end of a week of strenuous toil, they had succeeded in putting nearly a dozen tons of hay in stack, cutting it with a scythe, and carrying it thither by hand on a rack made of light poles.

Having secured their crop of hay, they next turned with all their remaining strength to the task of providing a suitable shelter for themselves and families for the winter, as that season was evidently drawing nigh. A commodious log hut was begun and partly completed when the Ayers and Mrs. Barnard made their long-looked-for appearance at the little camp.

"This," writes Mr. Barnard, "was on the 6th day of October—the anniversary of my wife's birthday, as well as her introduction to the scene of her subsequent missionary labors." Long and anxiously had the arrival of these expected ones been awaited—the men going forth in the evening twilight, after the toils of the day were over, hoping, perchance, to catch some glimpse of the pilgrims emerging from the shadows of the forest. And when at last they were discovered wearily approaching over the well-worn trail—the women sharing the burdens with Mr. Ayer and the little boys—their joy was

unbounded; and hastening forward they exchanged their mutual greetings, after which the travel-worn strangers were escorted in high honor to the restful shelter of their forest home.

It was indeed a joyous company that gathered around the cheerful camp fire on that long remembered autumn night, and recounted their many and strange experiences and hardships by the way. And then, when all on bended knee poured forth their thanksgivings to the "God of missions," and implored His grace and guidance thro the coming days, their worship arose as incense above the reverent pines.

Scarcely had the weary pilgrims entered the shelter of their winter huts, when a terrific tempest, roaring from the icy north, was upon them. It caught them entirely unwarned, and was followed by such a sudden drop in the temperature that it resulted in the immediate freezing over of the lake; and with it the consequent distress on the part of both the missionaries and of the natives as well, by reason of the scant supply of fish provided as yet for the winter.*

Thankful, now, for the most humble shelter, it soon became evident that they would have to forego, for the present, the hope of completing the main structure of the building upon which, ever since their arrival in the country, they had labored incessantly almost day and night to complete. However, they succeeded in adding

*NOTE. The arctic wave which the Red lake missionaries experienced, (Oct. 12-16) was the same that swept so unheralded over the western country; and the same that overtook the intrepid Whitman and Lovejoy amid the snows of the Wasatch mountains, on their memorable journey eastward to prevent the loss of Oregon in the contemplated treaty with England.

to the little bark hut which young Spencer had occupied, a small buildings of rude logs. The bark hut then served for a kitchen and dining room; while the log structure was made to answer the purpose of "parlor" and bedroom—as well as for "chapel" purposes on the Sabbaths. Thus, altho their quarters were small enough for a family of six adults and two children, all were "good natured and happy in themselves and in each other."



V.

MOTIVES AND METHODS.

As we think of this little band of missionaries, dwelling uncomplainingly among the heathen in the silent depths of a lonely forest, we may well pause to inquire concerning the motives that led them to relinquish thus voluntarily, and without hope of earthly reward, the endeared associations of home and native land for the strange and trying experiences certainly awaiting them in the wilderness.

They were assuredly not driven thither by the cruel hand of tyranny or religious persecution, in order that they might worship the God of their fathers unmolested; nor were they drawn to so inhospitable and wild a region by the prospect of earthly riches or honor; neither was it by such romantic aspirations as sometimes takes possession of the minds of restless youth. On the contrary,

they had fully counted the cost. Trials, hardships and privations, as well as perils of various kinds, they had been led to anticipate; and in respect to no one of these were they in any wise disappointed. There was little of so-called romance connected with the actual work among the heathen. If they had been influenced by any such notion it was quickly dispelled when they found themselves in the heart of an unbroken wilderness hundreds of miles from any signs of civilization (apart from the settlement in Manitoba), and confronted by the stern necessity of building their own houses, clearing the ground of its heavy growth of timber, and afterwards preparing the soil for growing their own food.

No; having sat at the feet of their divine Master, they had caught something of His spirit, and longed to follow Him forth on His errand of mercy to a lost world. They had heard, also, the pathetic story that had inspired the heroic Parkman, Whitman, and others, concerning the long and fruitless quest of the benighted tribes of the far west, for the "white man's book of heaven." In the midst of a "century of dishonor," the appeal of the hitherto neglected red man for a share of the light that had been shining thro many centuries of the white man's path, had echoed thro the land; and many whose hearts had been stirred thereby were made willing to go forth at the call of God and humanity to minister, at whatever cost, to the perishing children of the wilderness—in His name.

The evangelistic spirit so deeply impressed upon the faculty and students of Oberlin in the past, now burst forth into a living flame; and as this fresh call for help was sounded in their ears, one after another rose and answered, "Here am I; send me!"

No one of this youthful band of "student volunteers" shrank back from the sacrifice demanded; but cheerfully laid themselves upon the altar—"for service or sacrifice."

Some had already been looking hopefully towards the western shore of Africa, having listened with sympathetic hearts to the earnest appeals of the sainted Bushnell for helpers in that far-off land of darkness and death. Others, however, decided to enter the scarcely less difficult fields awaiting them among the native tribes occupying the remote solitudes of their own beloved land.

Moreover, in going forth to their appointed field, these young servants of Christ carried with them "neither scrip nor purse;" nor even the comfortable assurance of the powerful backing, financial support and assured sympathy of the old established Missionary Societies of the east. But casting themselves wholly upon the all-wise and omnipotent arm of "the God of missions" for needful guidance and support, they went forth joyfully and trustfully wheresoever He might lead the way.

Thus, without any stipulated salary, and for the first two years at least—when the need was greatest—with-out one word of information or encouragement from the little home Society in Ohio, they labored on patiently at their lonely stations with unbated zeal. A tone of constant cheerfulness and of unfaltering trust in God pervades almost every page of their time-faded journals and letters still extant. All their labors were begun and carried forward with prayer; and their busiest seasons of toil and trial were brightened at times with grateful acknowledgements of the Redeemer's comforting presence. Thus in their most lonely hours they still could sing:

"Alone, yet not alone am I,
In this vast solitude so drear;
I feel my Savior always nigh;
He comes my darkest hours to cheer."

It is to be observed, moreover, that the methods which

the missionaries employed in their work were such as their circumstances, and their sincere desire for the spiritual and temporal welfare of the poor natives among whom their lot had now been cast, would naturally suggest.

The wives of the missionaries, besides opening their own homes for the instruction of the native children, were also in the habit of daily visiting the Indian women in their cheerless huts and tepees. Entering these dark and smoky habitations, and sitting down among them on the ground—with dogs and filth and vermin—they would read to them from the sacred scriptures and patiently explain to their dull and darkened understandings the way of salvation and everlasting life. Mingling thus freely with them in their wretched homes, they were, also ever ready to assist them in the care of their sick and suffering ones; or teach them, as the opportunity offered, such helpful things as the proper preparation of their food, and many other practical household ways.

The men, also, sought both by precept and example to lead the Indian men out of their native sloth and indifference into habits of thrift and useful toil. To accomplish this was found to be no easy task. But the younger members of the company would sometimes spend days, and even weeks at a time, with them—sharing their own food with them, and taking the lead in the matter of manual labor; and were ready at all times to aid and instruct them in regard to the clearing of their land, the building of more comfortable dwellings, and the use of different implements and tools.

Thus in various ways they illustrated before the natives continually the fact and potency of human lives pervaded with the spirit of their divine Master, who came “not to be ministered unto; but to minister, and to give His life a ransom for many.”

VI.

INDIAN LAW AND LANGUAGE.

Very soon after the missionaries were established in their forest home a serious difficulty arose between themselves and their neighbors with regard to the bestowment of presents. Those who were most inclined to complain of the new-comers were the young men, who insisted that if the white people were permitted to live in their land, fish, and drink water out of their lake; also build houses, cultivate the ground, and be protected therein, they ought, in consideration of all these favors (!), make a great many presents to the men, and give something to the women and children besides.

They therefore held a council and demanded of the chief, who was really a remarkable man, that he should order the missionaries to leave the country forthwith, unless they would comply with this requirement. But

the old chief, listened attentively to the talk of the young braves, then gravely shook his head and quietly replied, "Geh-e-kit-o-yan, min-ge-kit!" (What I have said, I have said.)

He then went on to say, "I told the 'teachers' when they came here, that they should say what they wished to do for us; and all that they promised to do was written down, and our trader has the writing. I do not think they have broken their promises. I said I would protect them for four years, which would give them ample time to prove themselves good and true men. I told them if at the end of that time they were not found to be true men, I would send them away. Now I shall not alter what I have said; and you are not to interfere with them henceforth." And this ended the controversy in regard to the matter. The position taken by the head chief was final; and the missionaries never afterward had any serious trouble with them on that score.

Referring again to the old chief at Red lake, an incident occurred sometime after this that raised him still higher in the esteem of the missionaries. They were surprised one day by the arrival of three officers from the Red river settlement in Manitoba. They had been sent by the governor of the Hudson's Bay company; and brought letters from him stating that one of the Red lake Indians had stolen from the company a few weeks previously a sum of money amounting to fifteen hundred dollars. He remarked in his letter that he knew he had no authority to arrest the guilty party, as he was not under his jurisdiction; but he had sent his officers to request their assistance in their efforts to recover the money.

The old chief was accordingly called in, and the letter read to him; after which they all awaited his reply.

"Yes," he said, "that is true; a distant relative of mine has the money—and he shall deliver it up."

The thief was across the lake, some fifteen miles away; but the chief sent two of his head men after him, ordering him to report at once at the Mission—with the money.

In the meantime the chief had called the head men of the tribe together at his house; and as soon as the culprit had arrived, he said to him, "Lay the money on the table." This done, he said, "Now stand up; hold up your hand and swear by the Great Spirit that you will tell us the sober truth as to how you got this money."

The thief then arose, held up his hand and said, "Nin-gah-dag-gay-de-kit-o-yan; nin-gah-ta-be-way-dush." (The Lord of all shall hear what I shall say; and I will tell the whole truth.)

He then proceeded to relate how he had stolen the money:

While in the Settlement, stopping with two French half-breeds, they had been admitted into the Company's store, where they noticed a large package of new bank notes lying in the office. When they came out they began to consult how they might get possession of the treasure. The garret window was open; and they at once perceived that it might be reached by means of a ladder. So on the following night they succeeded in entering the store and securing the prize. However, as they were descending the ladder—the Indian coming down last, with the money in his hand—a noise was heard in the yard; at which the half-breeds took fright and ran away, leaving their companion behind with the roll of bills in his hand. He, however, finding himself thus deserted, prudently ran in a different direction from the others; and being now free from friends and foe alike, kept on his way unhindered, reaching his home at the lake some days later with his money.

His accomplices were afterwards arrested, and told

where the bills were likely to be found. Whereupon the governor had dispatched his officers to endeavor to recover them. The chief now suggested that the money be carefully counted, to see if it were all there. Having done so, they found the exact sum—fifteen hundred dollars.*

About a year after this occurrence, Mr. Ayer had occasion to make a trip to the Settlement, and the governor—in addition to the cordial reception tendered him—saw fit to reciprocate his services in the matter by presenting him with a large fat ox.

The first thing demanding the attention of the missionaries after matters were harmoniously adjusted with their neighbors, was the ever present question with regard to food, etc. They had brought nothing into the country, excepting the small quantity of moldy flour, which was, in spite of its unpalatableness, soon exhausted. After a time they succeeded in purchasing from the Indians a moderate supply of corn and a few potatoes. But, unfortunately, the greater portion of the potatoes had already been frozen by the early frost; so that the corn, which they ground in their hand-mills, was their chief dependence thereafter.

The Indians, having failed in their fall fishing on account of the early freezing over of the lake, prepared to go with their families to the western plains for the winter, in order to subsist upon the buffalo. These animals were to be found at that time in almost innumerable multitudes in the Red river valley and beyond, and were comparatively tame and harmless. The Indians were accustomed to make their camps in the vicinity of the

*NOTE. This old chief's name was Way-win-che-gnon (Porcupine). He died many years ago; and his eldest son succeeded him as chief.

herd and dispatch them with their bows and arrows whenever their flesh might be required for food, their fat for fuel, and their skins for robes or covering for their tepees. Thus the buffalo appeared to have been especially provided for the Indian; and because of his utter extinction by the whites in later years, the loss to the dependent native tribes was irreparable.

With the departure of the Indian population for the winter, the missionaries were left very much to themselves. Thus they had ample time to apply themselves, under the instruction of their efficient teacher, Mrs. Ayer, to the study of the native language.

And this, from the very outset, proved to be no light undertaking. For altho they had understood, before coming into the country, that the native vocabulary was very small, and that the Indian was accustomed to communicate his ideas in part by the use of signs and gestures, they were greatly surprised to learn that just the reverse of this was really the case; and that their language was as full and complete, and as grammatical in its construction, as the classical Greek and Latin.

They were greatly aided in learning the conjugation of the verbs by means of an old manuscript, which they had found at La Pointe. It consisted of a quire of foolscap paper, closely written on both sides of every leaf; and which had been prepared by a devout and scholarly surgeon connected with the army, and stationed many years previously at Ste. Marie. From this it was learned that all the nouns and verbs could be grouped under two general heads, and described as "animate" and "inanimate," no gender being expressed. The same distinction applying, also, to all qualifying words, as adjectives, etc.; and that this distinction in all cases, including the verb, is expressed by the terminations.

The greatest difficulty was experienced in remembering

the almost endless terminations of the verb—about one thousand changes being possible from any single verbal root, every one of which was liable to be used in ordinary discourse. Another difficulty was discovered in attempting to pronounce the long words. Scarcely twenty monosyllables existed in the entire language, while every primary word, being composed of four syllables, might “grow up” to as many as sixteen by means of prefixes and suffixes. These additions, moreover, required to be employed with great exactness, as otherwise one might say just the oposite of what he really intended to express.

As they proceeded with the study of the language, their interest increased, and their wonder grew as to whence it was derived. For it seemed strange indeed, that a wild, barbarous people like these should possess a language—all unwritten—but so rich and copious; containing an abundance of words to express any shade of thought upon any subject about which one might desire to impart information.

The study of the native language proved further interesting from the fact that thro it they were enabled to obtain a thoro knowledge of the religious ideas of the natives. It was a common observation with them that the language was not only very ancient, but also evidently that of a people who had originally possessed a knowledge of the true God. There was no lack of words to express all that the Bible has to say in regard to the attributes of the divine Being. Indeed, all the virtues and vices, the extremes of happiness and misery, as well as the commandments and doctrines enjoined in the Scriptures, were capable of being fully expressed in the native vocabulary.

Thus it appeared that the very language of these poor Indians affirmed that the moral law is written upon all human hearts, and is expressed in their language; and

that even these "wild, untutored savages" undoubtedly have the [same standard of right and wrong] that we have come to recognize as dwelling in our own hearts and consciences.*

*See Appendix "B."



VII.

MID-WINTER TRIP TO FORT GARRY.

Deserted thus early by their Indian neighbors, the missionaries decided to seek more intimate relations with the white Scotch settlers on the Red river in Manitoba, lying some three hundred miles farther to the north.

This far inland colony, composed largely of Scotch Presbyterians from one of the highland counties of Scotland, had been planted on land purchased from the Hudson's Bay company by Lord Selkirk some thirty years previous. After innumerable hardships and perils on land and sea, and the most persistent and heroic struggles under all the adverse conditions attending their unhappy lot, they had attained at last to a position of comparative comfort and freedom in their adopted home in the wild heart of the continent.

Here for many years prior to the founding of the city

of Winnipeg, the settlers had led a most isolated life. Separated from all other sources of civilization, their nearest seaport was the bleak shore of the Hudson's bay many hundreds of miles to the north; and all their foreign supplies and communication with the outside world were by means of the slow-going sailing vessels of the Hudson's Bay company, plying for brief portions of the year between their arctic port and London, England.

After some years of misunderstanding and strife, the colonists were permitted to live on friendly terms with the surrounding natives; often mingling with them in the chase, and securing their respect by their honest dealing and upright lives.

As a center of religious and educational, as well as of commercial activity, leavening the incoming masses of later years, and imparting to the young Manitoban capital its justly enviable position, Lord Selkirk builded better than he knew, when he devoted his life to the noble task of establishing thus early the sturdy colony out of which the city of Winnipeg was later to arise.

This old Selkirk settlement of Kildonan, founded in the spring of 1812, was frequently visited by the Red lake missionaries; who obtained from them the greater portion of their supplies and cattle, accompanied by a most generous and Christian hospitality whenever the opportunity was afforded. And this spirit of friendly reciprocity, it is pleasant to observe, still largely prevails among the later residents on either side the Manitoban boundary.

The first trip undertaken to this old settlement by our missionaries, was made during the winter of 1843-4—their first in the country. That such a journey, in the dead of winter, at that early period, was for those courageous men, no light undertaking, the following account gathered from Mr. Barnard's diary will sufficiently confirm:

Mr. Ayer, it appears, had decided to take his two horses with him to exchange for oxen and provisions; while young Barnard, with a waning ambition to excel in the capture of bear and buffalo, hoped to secure in exchange for his rifle and a few pieces of Ohio cloth, a much needed family cow. Their traveling outfit consisted of two one-horse "trains." One of these was made after the fashion of a modern toboggan—a name probably derived from the Ojibway, "otahbon"—consisting of a thin board about sixteen inches in width and ten or twelve feet in length, with the thills fastened to the upturned points for drawing it over the snow. The other vehicle was an old-fashioned "pung," or jumper, on which the more bulky articles, such as hay for feed, bedding, etc., were placed.

Provided with a letter of introduction from their trader to a prominent Frenchman at Selkirk, and accompanied by a young Indian guide, they set out on the last day of November and encamped the same night at their hay field, some ten miles from the Mission.

The morning of December 1st dawned bright and frosty upon the north-bound travellers, already well on their way down the lake shore. Leaving the lake some distance before leaving its river outlet, they struck boldly across the frozen marsh bordering it on the south in order to reach the river at a safe distance below the open water issuing from the lake. And having gained the river, the ice appeared sufficiently strong to permit of their trotting at a lively jog along its edge; the weather, meanwhile, being intensely cold, requiring the drivers to wear thick, double mittens on their hands.

The second day after leaving the lake they were trotting leisurely along over the smooth ice of the river, the guide with his gun over his shoulder striding ahead, closely followed by Mr. Ayer; while his comrade, seated

complacently on his bundle of hay on the old "pung," and diligently conning some Indian sentences written upon a scrap of paper held in his hand, completed the picturesque procession.

Presently the attention of the latter was arrested by the peculiar transparency of the ice, under which the current could be seen to be swiftly moving. Laying aside his classic "sentences," and leaning over to study a present phenomenon more closely, he was startled by the sound of a general *crash* and the next moment the horse, pung, and luckless driver as well, were all floundering in a state of wild confusion amid the icy flood!

The phenomenon was now fully explained to the observant traveler, tho unfortunately too late to relieve the present embarrassment. The river had fallen some fifteen inches after the ice had formed, and the pressure of the teams had caused the unexpected catastrophe. The break extended half way under Mr. Ayer's train also; but a fortunate turn in his course at that very juncture secured his exemption from the icy bath—and probably from a still more serious fate, as he was unable to swim.

Meanwhile the strong current had carried Barnard's pung around to the front of the animal to which it was still attached, and who was now vainly struggling to swim up stream. Her driver swam to the shore to aid the others in their efforts to keep her from being drawn under the ice, while the poor creature herself was wildly struggling to get free.

By means of an impromptu bridge of poplar poles, they at length succeeded in reaching her; and having loosed her from her unmanageable craft, returned shoreward with a long line securely fastened to her neck. By this means she was finally towed to the shore and landed on the solid ice—all but one reluctant foot! Mr. Ayer, for the reason already mention, dared not go too near the

water's edge; and the young Indian preferred also to stand safely aloof and pull on the rope. So running to the edge of the ice, Barnard frantically grasped the animal's still unrescued foot while the others continued their persuasive efforts at the other end of the line. All were now hopeful of success; but just before the submerged member could be planted firmly on the ice, its owner gave a desperate lunge, and the next moment both she and her would-be rescuer were once more floundering amid the icy waves.

Throwing his cap ashore, which he had discovered floating past him, the intrepid swimmer again struck out down the stream in pursuit of the larger prize before it should be drawn into the whirling vortex below. But catching a glimpse of his associate still clinging frantically to the rope, and being drawn thereby rapidly over the smooth ice—the Indian standing apart and looking mildly on—he turned and swam to the shore. Then all dripping with the freezing water, he hastened to the relief of his imperilled comrade; and throwing himself flat upon the ice, he seized the tail of his trailing coat in a supreme effort to stay their further progress toward the fatal brink. Providentially, it would seem, just as they had almost reached the danger point, and the veteran's feet were ready to slip into the foaming current, the mare suddenly turned about and headed up stream. Both the men now shouting to the dazed, or indifferent, Indian to hasten to their aid, the benumbed and well-nigh exhausted animal was finally landed on *terra firma*, this time with "not a hoof behind."

And all safe once more on the shore, while the men proceeded to make the customary preparations for Sabbath encampment on the morrow, the young "brave" was commissioned to lead the poor, shivering beast back

and forth over the frozen marsh to keep her from freezing.

And what about the drenched hero? At a late hour of that December night he was standing with steaming clothes before a blazing fire, writing in his journal, and devoutly recording the goodness of the Lord in rescuing him from a watery grave.

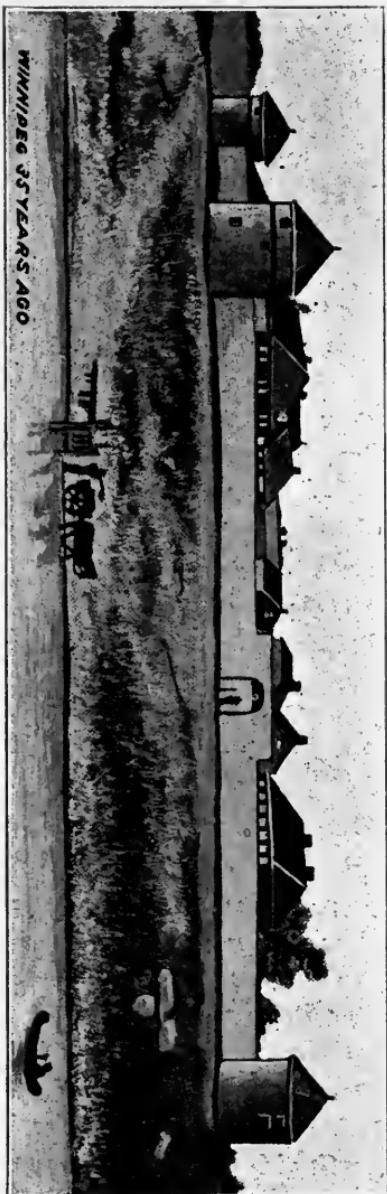


VIII.

AT FORT GARRY AND OLD KILDONAN.

An early start on Monday enabled the travelers to reach without further mishap the mouth of Thief river—where the present town of Thief River Falls is now located. Thence striking the winter trail, their route lay across a prairie country interspersed with groves of poplar and birch and willow, with fringes of larger timber along the streams. Their next Sabbath's encampment was only two days' travel from the Scotch settlement of Kildonan. A French settlement, however, lay between; and on arriving there they sought out the man to whom their letter of introduction had been addressed, and were cheered by his cordial welcome and the assurance of hospitable entertainment as long as they might find it convenient to remain.

On the following morning, at his friendly suggestion,



WINNIPEG 35 YEARS AGO

FORT GARRY. EXTERIOR, 1845.

their uncouth conveyances were gladly exchanged for his own "cariole," or large two-wheeled cart; which, altho sufficiently primitive also, was regarded in that isolated community as entirely up-to-date. In it they proceeded in comparatively royal state to call upon the governor of the colony, the Hon. Duncan Finlayson, by whom and his excellent lady, they were very warmly greeted and urged to return and dine with them in the afternoon.

Having made known their errand, the governor advised them to go down to the Scotch settlement a few miles below the fort, where they would find "the best stock of cattle and entire honesty in deal." Setting out thither, accordingly, the ice being perfectly solid over the river, their road lay over it to the settlement. Along either side, where not obscured by the timber, were to be seen the comfortable log dwellings of the settlers. These occurred at frequent intervals; as their farms being cut into narrow strips, extended far back onto the prairie; thereby securing for each family a river frontage, and facilitating ready communication among the neighbors, especially in the winter.

Passing leisurely along, they saw on the left bank, quite a large herd of well-conditioned cattle, and Mr. Ayer proposed that they should turn in and look them over. So driving up toward the "byres," or sheds, a man came out of the house near by, clad in Scotch cloth and wearing a fur cap, who greeted the strangers with a hearty, "Good day, gentlemen!"

Upon informing him that they were in search of cattle, and seeing that he had some rather fine-looking ones, they had taken the liberty to drive in to look at them, he quickly responded, "Oh, yes; come right along, gentlemen!" at the same time leading the way to the yard.

"You see those cattle, gentlemen," he said; "and you might think *that* one a noble animal," pointing to one of

his cows ; " but she has such and such faults," describing them in detail; and so on with his other stock—some good and some bad.

"Here is honesty for you," remarked Mr. Ayer aside; "I guess we had better do our trading with these Scotch farmers."

They were afterwards invited into the house and urged to have a cup of tea ; and the fact that they had promised to dine with the governor at three o'clock, did not suffice to release them from the exacting constraint of a present hospitality ; and this same generous hospitality, however humble its manifestations at times, they afterward found to be unfailingly repeated wherever they chanced to go.

Returning in the afternoon to the fort, the humbly attired strangers were politely ushered into the large dining hall and introduced by the governor to the clerks of the Hudson's Bay company ; after which they were seated with honor at the long table, loaded with meats and vegetables, etc.,—"and fairly glittering with wine glasses from end to end."

The guests of the occasion, being "teetotlers" from principle, recoiled painfully from the thought of giving possible offence to their generous hosts ; yet they were true men, and servants of Him whose will they habitually recognized as supreme in their hearts and lives. When, therefore, suddenly confronted by this perplexing dilemma, their guiding principle of firm adherence to what they sincerely believed to be the will of their divine Master, still held with them its authoritative sway.

"I cannnot," afterward observes Mr. Barnard, in writing of this incident, "adequately describe the astonishment of the governor and his company when we politely declined the wine, and requested water instead."

" 'Why, what does this mean, gentlemen?' he ex-

claimed; ‘we never have heard of such a thing before.’ at the same time ordering water to be set before us.”

After dinner the guests were invited into the parlor, where they enjoyed a pleasant chat with the governor and his very estimable lady, who made particular inquiries about their work among the Indians at Red lake, and urged them to return later.

Calling the following day on a Mr. McDermot, one of the principal merchants of the company, he and his son-in-law took them at once to his magnificent sideboard and brought out his bottles for a friendly “treat.” But on being thanked for the proffered hospitality and informed that they never indulged, their amazement seemed even greater, if possible, than that of the governor and his friends on the previous day. However, after some explanation, they were led to respect their principles, and did not repeat the expression of their hospitality in that form.

Having returned a day or so later to conclude their purchase of the cattle from the Scotch farmer, he appeared greatly excited, and said, “Gentlemen, after you went away yesterday, it occurred to me that possibly you might be Presbyterians!”

Upon informing him that they were [Presbyterian missionaries from Red lake,] the man and his neighbors appeared exceedingly rejoiced that at last a minister of their own faith had been permitted to visit them. For altho supplied hitherto by clergymen of the Church of England, their repeated petitions for a minister of their own beloved “kirk” had thus far been in vain.

At their request, therefore, the missionaries conducted religious meetings among them every night during their stay in the house whence the devoted wife of Mr. Barnard was afterward called to her heavenly reward. And no doubt the hearts of those patient, God-fearing people

were greatly cheered by the earnest gospel messages of the Lord's faithful ambassadors.

Thus it appears that these humble missionary sojourners from Red lake were really the first Presbyterian ministers to visit that old settlement and conduct religious services among the people there. For altho they were afterwards favored with occasional visits and services by them, it was not until in the autumn of 1851—nearly eight years later—that the godly and lamented Rev. John Black entered upon his eminently useful career among that interesting and warm-hearted people.

The services at St. John's which the visitors attended on the following Sabbath, were conducted by the Venerable Archdeacon Cochren; by whom they were greeted most cordially and afterward invited to dine at the Academy close by, in charge of Principal McCallum. Here, as on the other occasions, both master and pupils were astonished beyond measure by the radical temperance principles of their "yankee" guests. Nevertheless it was afterwards discovered that the sincere and consistent adherence of the missionaries to their honest convictions, not only won the lasting respect of their entertainers, but also resulted in a remarkable reformation in the social customs of those same people in after years.

After a pleasant and useful Christmas spent among their new-found friends, the grateful sojourners prepared to set out on their homeward journey. Mr. Ayer had disposed of his horses and purchased some cattle—mostly from the Scotch settlers; while his companion, dominated likewise by pressing economic considerations, succeeded in exchanging his rifle for a cow. And his Ohio cloth he traded also for some goods of their own weaving, and more suitable for rough wear in the northern woods.

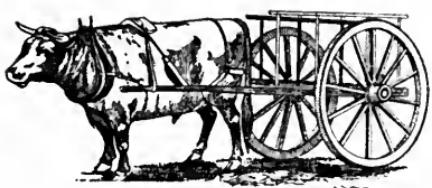
The genial Frenchman to whom they had at first been introduced, called his neighbors together and made har-

FORT GARRY, INTERIOR, 1845.



ness and "trains" for their cattle. The governor gave them two bags of fine flour, a large bag of "pemican," and a bale of dried buffalo meat; while the kind-hearted settlers also brot butter and food for the missionaries and barley for their cattle on the way. Indeed, they only wished that their newly-found friends and their families were stationed near by in order that they might be able "to supply them regularly with food."





IX.

"PERILS IN THE WILDERNESS."

Thus equipped with their six ox-trains and half a dozen other cattle, the grateful visitors bade adieu to their kind friends and turned their faces wistfully in the direction of their own little bark hut beside the forest lake. Their first night was spent at the last of the French cabins on the banks of the Red river; from which point their track lay more eastward across the prairie.

The second morning thereafter, Mr. Ayer discovered on arranging their "trains," that he had left a valuable cross-cut saw at their last previous stopping place. He therefore immediately sent the guide back after it; and proceeded the following morning without him along the well-worn summer trail. This was quite traceable by daylight; but when early night fell dark and cloudy on a

long stretch of burnt prairie covered by several inches of snow, it seemed impossible to follow it.

For awhile Mr. Ayer was able to keep on the trail by following his large terrier dog, "Watch," but it was noticed after a time, that he was not altogether reliable, as he frequently turned aside. Having with them an old-fashioned perforated tin lantern and a piece of tallow candle, it was lighted, after which they took their course. Then placing their twelve head of cattle in a line, and noting the direction of the wind, Mr. Ayer went ahead of his little caravan, while his companion brought up the rear.

With the cattle thus following their guide in a straight line, it was possible for the other to detect by means of their shadowy outline on the snow, the least deviation from a direct course; and by calling out "right" or "left," to maintain the direction desired. At length they approached a bank where some trees were discovered in a ravine, and after working their way through the snow, and finding it possible to make their camp there, the cattle were turned loose to graze on the dead grass to be found in some bare spots on the neighboring prairie.

Their ordinary camp duties at such times are thus described by the younger of the two as follows: "Mr. Ayer being an old 'voyageur,' and I a mere novice, as soon as the snow was shovelled away, the oxen loosed, and a fire kindled he took sole charge of the culinary department; while I shouldered my ax and proceeded to cut and carry in the fuel necessary for the night. Next came the gathering of the animals, tieing them to the trees amid the shelter of the bush, and clearing away the snow for their beds and feed of barley; after which we partook of our supper in the open air, retiring usually quite late at night.

Rising early the following morning, and going out to

where they had left their "trains" the night before, they discovered to their surprise, and joy, that they were only a few rods from the regular trail; and that their camp was scarcely forty rods from the spot where they had spent the Sabbath on their way down.

About noon the next day they met a party of Indians from Red lake, among whom was the father of their absent guide; shortly after which the latter returned, bringing the saw, but with much embarrassment informing the missionaries that he would have to leave them and accompany his father on the chase. Inasmuch as no persuasion nor offer of additional reward could move him from his purpose, they were obliged to continue the remainder of their journey without their much-needed assistant.

Abandoned now by their guide, and in a wild and wintry wilderness, fully two hundred miles from their longed-for destination, they committed themselves to the care of their heavenly Guardian, and resolutely proceeded to retrace their homeward journey alone.

The following day, being Saturday, was warm and thawey; and they hoped to reach the mouth of the Thief river, where they had spent the night on the way out, and which was on the edge of the forest. But their journey being intercepted by the approach of night, they decided to make their Sabbath encampment in the shelter of a poplar grove.

Supper over and the tired animals secured and provided with their feed of barley, the weary pilgrims spread their blankets on the ground before the fire and were soon wrappd in that profound slumber so restful to the weary and care-worn.

Awaking the following morning—being the Sabbath, and also the closing day of a year so full of strange and trying experiences for them—they were surprised to find

themselves and everything about them covered over with several inches of freshly-fallen snow. It had fallen quietly during the night; and the wind having shifted into the north, a thin coating of ice had formed on the surface.

It was here that a peculiar combination of trials awaited them. First they found that their fire had gone entirely out, and that everything was damp and under the snow. But having cleared away the same, and gathering carefully the remaining coals and pieces of fuel, the matches, which Mr. Ayer always carried in a tin box in his vest pocket, were called for. Feeling for them in his pocket, he suddenly sprang to his feet, exclaiming excitedly, "Why, they're lost! I'm sure I put the box in my pocket after kindling the fire last night."

Sure enough, the matches could not be found; and the dismayed travelers now fully realized that they were still ten days of steady travel from home—in the lonely depth of the winter, and without the means of kindling a fire. Everything, as already stated, being under the snow, they knew not where to begin their search; but went distractedly about in every direction traversed by them the previous evening, and anxiously scraped the snow away with their feet in the forlorn hope of at last turning up the hidden treasure. In this manner the greater portion of the forenoon was spent on a task so desperate, and yet so vain.

At last it occurred to Barnard to find out which of the animals his companion had fed with the barley. And having gone carefully over all but *one*, without success, they were quite ready to despair of ever finding the lost key to comfort, and possibly to life itself. Then, calling on the Lord in their distress, and frantically scraping away the snow from under the other animal's feet, their very *last* effort was crowned with a glorious reward. The

matches were found, and a great deliverance was theirs. "Truly," adds Mr. Barnard, devoutly in recording this incident, "Man's extremity is God's opportunity; and He has never failed us when casting all our care upon Him."

The matches having been found, Mr. Ayer sang out merrily, "Now we shall have some of that nice steak those good Scotch people gave us." So, when they kindled a fire, they went after the meat which had consisted of two large pieces. But imagine their astonishment and disappointment on discovering that neither of them could be found. Whoever, or whatever could have removed them, they were not able to conjecture. They could only conclude that they must have been taken before the snow had fallen, as there were no traces of any disturbing cause anywhere visible.

At length Mr. Barnard, observing "old Watch" warming his nose contentedly by the fire and suspiciously "watching" their movements, suddenly exclaimed with the emphasis of a new and over-powering conviction, "Mr. Ayer, I believe your *dog* has taken that meat."

"Oh no;" replied Mr. Ayer; "he never was known to do such a thing; Watch is an *honest* dog." Whereupon the old fellow gave his master a grateful look, and closed his eyes as if for a comfortable nap.

Having finished their breakfast—now long after noon, and minus the steak—the cattle were turned loose on the prairie, and the men lay down to take some rest. In a short time Mr. Ayer was fast asleep; but young Barnard, still questioning the honesty of the dog, determined to test him. So closing his eyes as if asleep, and occasionally opening one of them slightly to observe unnoticed the animal's movements, he saw him lying quietly, and apparently like his master, fast asleep. Not yet satisfied, however, he began to emulate the snoring accomplishments

of his older companion, at which the dog evidently took heart.

Slightly opening one eye, Barnard soon after saw him wake up and gaze long and earnestly at the slumbering heroes; after which he rose and looked wistfully around. Then having apparently satisfied himself that the coast was entirely clear, he stole softly out of the camp and made direct for a clump of bushes not far away. Barnard then also woke up; and arming himself with a stout stick, noiselessly followed the trail of his victim over the fresh snow; and before the poor creature had time to begin his coveted feast, he was "shocked almost beyond expression" by a terrific blow from the stick, wielded unpitifully in the hand of his irate pursuer.

A dismal howl quickly aroused his sleeping master from his restful dreams—puncturing them with the spectre of an invading foe. Later in the day the other piece of steak was likewise found—both of which were still intact.

Poor old Watch was a good dog; having accompanied his master on many a long and dangerous journey—following his steps by day, and stretching himself at full length at his back at night, and was ever obedient to his call. But the present temptation was simply too much for his canine nature to withstand. The transformation, or rather malformation, that awaited him the ensuing summer, was one that illy befitted the termination of a really useful career; for, alas, he was stealthily killed and made into a kettle of soup for a lot of revelling Indians.

X.

"PERILS OF WATERS."

Setting out with the early dawn of the new year (1844), they arrived at the mouth of the Thief river about noon of the same day. This old camping place—now the site of a Presbyterian church—on the main trail from Red lake to the west and north, was located on the north side of the Red lake river, a short distance below the junction of the river bearing an unenviable name. Here near the river bank was a fine spring of water and also the location of an old trading post, revived in later years. It is in the center of the present thriving town of Thief River Falls; and the protestant church—now occupying the site of the old camping ground—is a fitting, if unintentional, memorial of those Christian pioneers who, as did so many others, often halted there for rest and refreshment.

Not pausing here now, however, for a New Year's day repast, the anxious missionaries made haste to enter the sheltering forest first met with here. Crossing the Thief river, they took the trail which, being seldom used by the Indians during the summers, was now extremely difficult to follow thro the bushes and depths of snow. Before nightfall, also, they were drenched with rain; which a sudden shifting of the wind into the northwest, followed by a corresponding change of temperature, transformed their clothing into coats of icy mail before they were able to make their camp.

The next morning they struck off to the right in order to reach the Red lake river, as the only means of preventing their becoming lost in the dense, unfamiliar forest that now enveloped them—hoping to follow the river on the ice to the vicinity of the lake. But when they approached it, the snow was lying so deep on its surface as to cause the ice to crack in the middle, and render it wholly unsafe for the cattle to pass over it with their "trains." They were therefore obliged to travel along its edge, and across the points and over open marshes—always keeping the river in view, and making some days only five or ten miles of actual progress.

On Saturday morning, when but a short distance from where they had camped the previous night, Mr. Ayer, who was in advance, suddenly sang out, in the Ojibway dialect, "Kee-shaw-wain-dah-goo-ze-nin!" meaning, "We are happy, or fortunate!" He had struck a snow-shoe track of the Indians going in from their hunt and leading up the river on the ice. This he imagined he could follow with his cattle; but the rejoicing on the part of the really *un*-fortunate missionaries was of brief duration; for they had not proceeded far before the ice began to crack immediately under their feet and those of the cattle, strung out in a long line in the middle of the stream.

What to do, the distracted travelers did not know. However, halting the unsuspecting animals, Mr. Ayer ran ahead to sound the ice; while his comrade stood trembling and praying behind them—expecting every moment to see the ice give way beneath them.

When Mr. Ayer struck his ax into the ice, only a few feet ahead of the foremost ox, the blade went thro to the water—and with the unstable crust still cracking under their feet, the necessity for action, as well as prayer, was upon them. So having succeeded in getting the animals off—unwittingly, in their haste, on the *north* side of the river—they proceeded but a very few rods before they found it to be entirely open in the center of the channel the swift, dark current having cut away the ice. This convinced them could not be very far from the lake; but to their utter discomfiture they now realized that they were on the *wrong* side of the stream.

Then after a long and wearisome search, the trail was at last found on the opposite side; but how to get their cattle across was another and more trying problem. Upon going back some distance, however, a spot was fortunately discovered where they might attempt to cross them over one at a time. But here they were confronted by another serious dilemma: the first one broke thro the ice in an overflowed swamp, and had to be pulled out with ropes. At last, however, after much patient and painful effort, accompanied by no little danger, they succeeded in getting all over, with “not a hoof left behind;” and this time also on the *right* side of the stream..

At a late hour of that eventful day, and also of the week, they wearily made their camp and cooked their frugal meal. Then with “feet all blistered and bare to the snow” by reason of his broken and worn-out moccasins, young Barnard shouldered his ax, and far into the

night broke the silence of the forest depths by cutting and dragging into camp the fuel needed for the Sabbath's supply.

They were cheered that night by the arrival of a couple of the fur-trader's men with their packs of furs purchased from the Indians. They concluded to camp for the night with the missionaries; and proceeded the next morning to their post at the lake, carrying to the anxious Mission family there the first message from the absent ones since their departure.

The "peep of day" on Monday morning greeted them already several miles on their way, eager after the Sabbath's rest to bring the long and toilsome journey to a close. And when the clock struck eleven that night, they drew up in front of the little snow-covered hut on the shore of the lonely lake. It was an obscure spot indeed; but infinitely dear to the returning pilgrims as the one place in all this weary world, where, sitting down with loved ones before the blazing fire, they could breathe once more the hallowed atmosphere of *home*.

Here at last they arrived with their belated Christmas cheer. And forgetful of the passing hours of night, they sat rehearsing to attentive ears—not so much now the many trials and dangers encountered on the way, as the cheering information of kind friends discovered, and the generous supplies obtained from the noble Scotch settlers on the banks of the Red river of the farther north.

This memorable journey was completed early in January, 1844; and during the remainder of their first winter in the forest, the missionaries were not by any means idle. Mr. and Mrs. Ayer, having already a good working knowledge of the native tongue, gave much of their time to the spiritual interests of the few Indians who still remained at the lake; and to the instruction of the younger members of the Mission family in the rudiments and

use of the new language they were all so eager to be able to employ.

The others, chiefly occupied at first with duties of a secular nature, found these neither light nor few. For besides the daily care of their cattle—the hay requiring to be drawn from the marsh a dozen miles away, there were trees to be felled and converted into lumber for more commodious dwellings; shingles for the roofs to be split from blocks of wood, and boards to be laboriously sawed by hand from the green logs, for the floors and necessary furniture. Even the sash for the windows had to be made by hand; while something of the mason's art was required to construct the stone and mortar chimneys, and for plastering the rude walls with clay to protect the inmates from the searching frost and winter storms.

Moreover, with the approach of spring, they found it necessary both to instruct and assist those of the natives who might be found willing to erect houses for themselves in the vicinity of the Mission; and also aid them later in preparing the ground and planting their gardens. And finally, in the manufacture and repairing of sleds, carts, harness, utensils, furniture, etc., a truly varied and ever-patient ingenuity as well as industry were in constant demand.

XI.

WORKING AND WINNING.

Altho our attention has thus far been centered almost wholly upon the Mission and workers at Red lake, we should not quite overlook or ignore the little band also "holding the fort" at Leech lake, and under less friendly conditions than at the larger and better garrisoned station. To the Leech lake station, supplied the previous autumn by Messrs. Lewis, and Johnston and their wives, Mr. Spencer was also transferred—remaining there until the abandonment of the field the following year.

At each of these stations the greatest activity prevailed during the brief summer months in the clearing, fencing and cultivation of the ground, and also in the erection of better dwellings for the natives and themselves. The responsibility of attending to the instruction and spiritual welfare of the Indians continued to fall very largely on

the senior members; while the others labored in the field and wood—an example to their indolent neighbors, and cheered ever by the hope of becoming ere long preachers and teachers by word as well as by example.

The Indian men, as is well known, care but little for manual labor; and when the missionaries proposed to plow the patches of ground which they—or rather, their women—had been in the habit of cultivating entirely with their rude hoes; and also offered to plow as much more new land as they themselves might be willing to clear off, the old chief shook his head and quietly responded, "This is all very kind of you; but as there are only four men in our band who ever performed any labor of this kind, you will have very little ground to plow—unless you will also first clear it off yourselves."

Upon assuring him that they would agree to haul off the logs with their oxen if his men would chop down the trees, the old chief bravely led the way into the forest, and was followed soon by a number of his "braves;" whose tomahawks were thrown aside for axes which were freely furnished them; and they soon had considerable ground ready for cultivation.

In order to assist and encourage them in their field work, young Mr. Wright went one spring day to the vicinity of the Indian village of Gasininsika—some four miles distant from the Mission—and spent several days with them in plowing their land with the oxen. He stayed with a family of fourteen, of whom the old grand-mother was the recognized head. Then there were daughters and sons-in-law and grand-children, all under the same roof. They had very little food of their own at this season; and the young misionary was supplied with a small loaf of corn bread from the Mission every day. "But," he relates in his journal, "I found it very embarrassing to sit down to eat a piece of my corn bread in their presence

when I knew how hungry they all likewise were. So before I could begin my own repast with comfort, I was accustomed to go around and give each one present a small piece first—thus leaving, indeed, a very small portion for myself. . . . Sometimes they had fish or duck, or it might be, a few *muskrats*; but whatever the fare, they always invited me to share it with them. And thus it was, when I had food they boarded with me; and when they were provided for, I boarded with them. The good old grand-mother, especially, ever after regarded me as her friend."

The following year this same family came and settled near the Mission, cleared off some ground, and raised a supply of food. And within three years from the time of Mr. Wright's visit with them, nearly all the adults and some of the children were received into the communion of the church. All of them continued to live devoted Christian lives; and died happy, triumphant deaths. "Perhaps," as Mr. Wright very plausibly observes, "the little kindness shown them in giving them a small piece of my corn bread when they were hungry, may have had something to do with their reception of the gospel, and the bread of everlasting life, afterwards."

One of the grand-daughters, Hannah—afterwards adopted into Mr. Barnard's family—developed into a most remarkable Christian character. She accompanied them to Ohio a few years after her conversion; spent a year there, then sickened and died—greatly lamented by all who knew her. Her Indian name, Goh-bah-bah-mah-tch-gate, or "She who goes about serving others," was beautifully significant as applied to a follower of Him who came into our world, "not to be ministered unto but to minister;" and "who went about doing good."

Mr. Wright observes in this connection, that *all names* among the Indians are significant. They do not address

persons by their names in conversation. Even parents seldom address their own children by their individual names, except when absolutely necessary. But always in speaking to a child, or in speaking of him, they say, "my son," or "my daughter." Likewise one man says to another, when addressing him, Ne-che, "friend," or Ne-choke-wain-ze, "My respected friend;" and they never use "nicknames."³

One of the moral difficulties frequently encountered in the effort to gain an influence over the Indians, was the false idea entertained by them with regard to the true idea of benevolence. It required much time and patient teaching to correct this. It was common at first for them to charge the missionaries with selfishness, because they would not freely share everything they had with them. As soon as one of them fully adopted the habits of the missionaries with respect to giving, the others would at once say of them, "They are just like all the white people—very selfish."

But some months after the missionaries arrived among them, an incident occurred which made a deep impression upon their minds as to the real kindness and unselfishness, after all, of those who had come to them, professedly to do them good:

Messrs. Barnard and Wright were returning from their work in the woods one very windy day early in the month of June, when they heard screams of distress from far out on the lake. Two young women had gone out in a canoe to set their nets. The wind, which was blowing a perfect gale, had upset their canoe, endangering the lives of the late occupants. They however continued to cling to the capsized vessels, and succeeded thereby in keeping their heads out of the water.

They were fully a half miles from the shore, and the waves were rolling very high; but without stopping to

consider the danger to themselves, the men hastily seized a little bark canoe close at hand, and were soon bounding over the waves to the rescue of the drowning women.

Very soon after leaving the shore, the peril of the undertaking began to dawn upon them. The canoe was scarcely more than ten feet in length, and was tossed on the waves like an egg-shell. Soon the screams of the women were being heard throughout the neighborhood; and the other missionaries, as well as a large number of the Indians, including women and children, came running down to the shore to watch with breathless interest the young white men in their heroic efforts to save the unfortunate ones. All realized how great was the peril involved; and there were few indeed who supposed it would be possible for them to take the drowning women into the little boat without endangering their own lives.

When the poor creatures were reached, they were found to be on the verge of exhaustion and ready to sink, fainting, amid the waves. But seeing their would-be rescuers nigh, they both began to cry out piteously, "Be-nah-chis-be-nam, be-mah-she-che-kong!" (Save us; oh, please do save us!)

The water was very cold—the ice having only quite recently melted in the lake; and as the women were large and stout, and clad in heavy woolen blankets, now thoroughly soaked with water, it seemed at first a really hopeless task to think of getting them into the boat. And then, when after the greatest exertion, they were finally rescued from the waves, the frail bark appeared altogether inadequate to the task of bringing to the shore its double load of inmates against a strong head wind and angry billows still rolling high.

When, however, the shore was finally reached and the imperilled inmates landed in safety, the rescued ones were received by their anxious friends with *tears*,—"the first

time," adds Mr. Wright, "that I had ever known an Indian to shed tears!"

One of the women was a daughter of the head chief, Porcupine; the other being the daughter of the second chief. It was very evident that a deep impression had been made by this incident upon the minds of all the Indians; as when the white men showed themselves thus willing to hazard their lives for the red men's children, it became an object lesson to them which they could all readily understand: that the missionaries were after all their real friends.

And thus did those unselfish and heroic spirits seek, by toil and at the peril of their own lives to win the perishing natives of the wilderness to Christ.



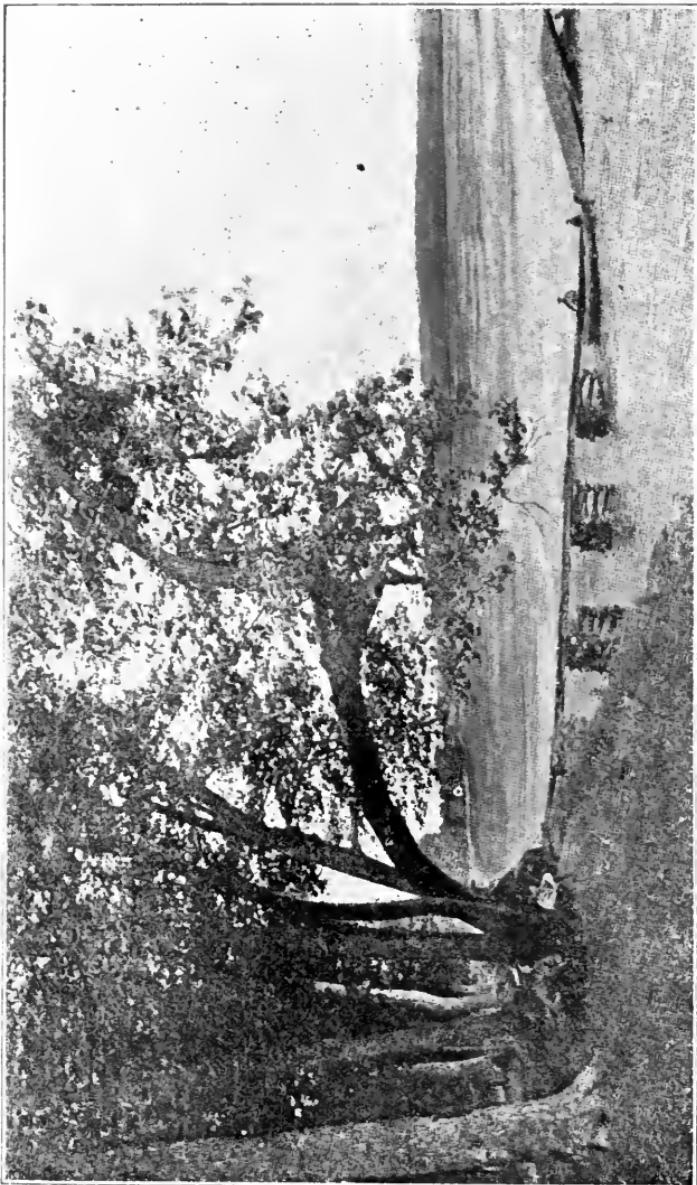
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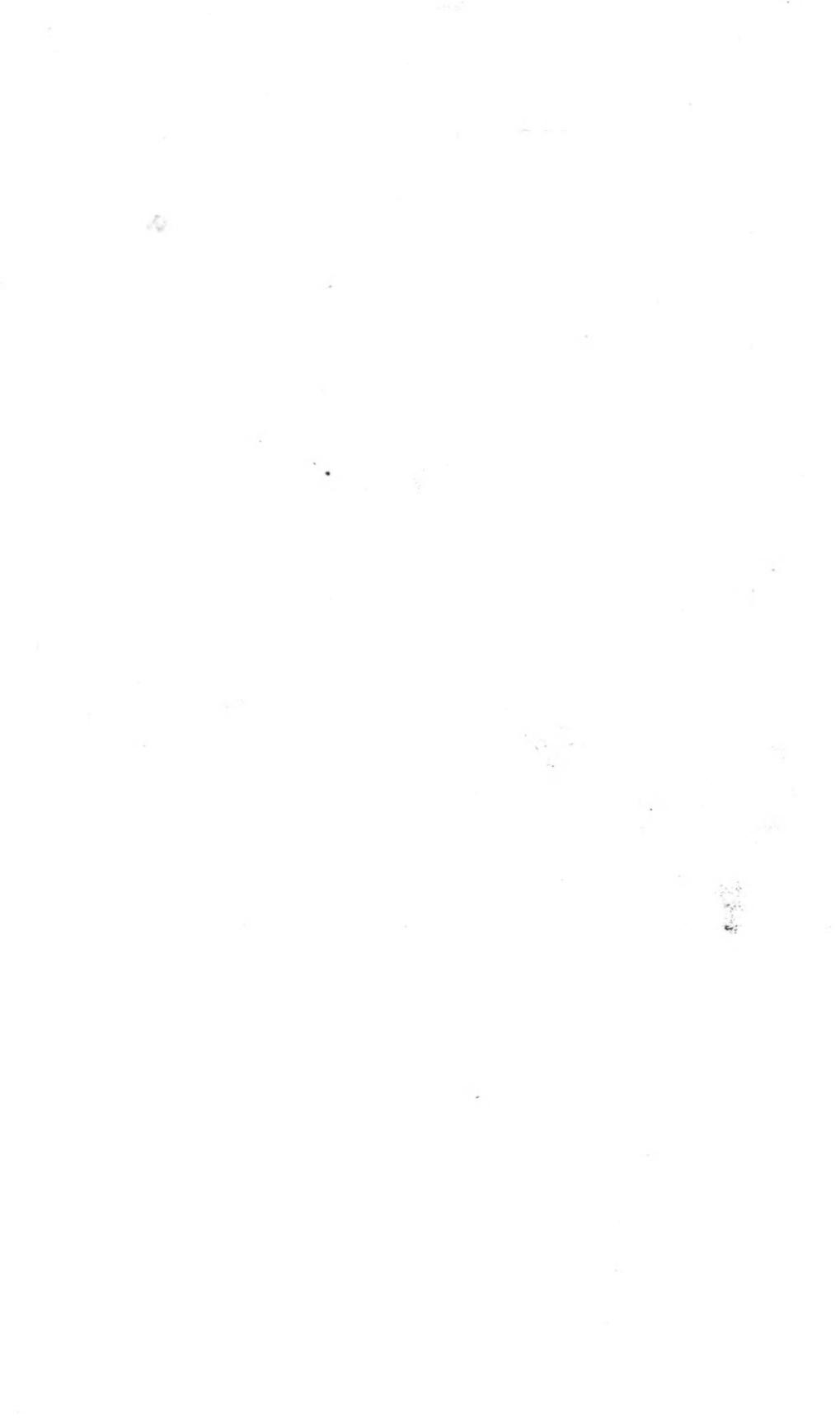
FOREST EXPERIENCES.

Amid all the turmoil and unrest of the country—especially along its south-western border—over the pending annexation of Texas, the jealousy of Mexico, and the exciting presidential campaign during the summer and autumn of '44, the private journal of our Red lake missionary, extending over the same period, furnishes a pleasing and restful picture of the manner in which our great national holiday was observed by them amid the less disquieting environment of the far northern frontier:

"Awakened this morning at four o'clock—not as formerly on this anniversary occasion, by the roar of cannon and the rattle of smaller artillery reverberating on every side, but amid the solemn stillness of the 'forest primeval.' The sun had already cast his gentle rays upon our humble dwelling, seeking entrance thro the number-

RED LAKE, MINN., IN SUMMER.





less crevices of our yet unfinshed abode;—each ray as it dawned upon our sleeping apartment, seeming to say, ‘Come forth, and enjoy the light.’

“I arose and prepared myself for a walk in the woods; but there, too, all was silent, save the fresh, sweet notes of the joyous birds perched near and far upon the dewy branches of the trees, and the occasional ripple of the wavelets quietly playing along the lake shore. And instead of being surrounded by a noisy multitude of pleasure seekers, I walked forth alone thro the vast solemn aisles of the forest. The calm, pure atmosphere breathed peacefully of a better world, and seemed to fill all things with the reverent spirit of worship and of praise to the beneficent Maker of all.

“Returning from my solitary ramble, I milked the waiting cows, and drove them forth to their shady pasture. We then had our accustomed season of worship; after which we sat down to a very frugal repast, consisting of fish and a few pieces of bread with our tea.

“We then began our celebration of the day by a vigorous assault upon our present-day enemies—the ‘army worms’—which had quite recently invaded our little garden and threatened its speedy and entire destruction. In this war of extermination, my wife and little Indian boy came bravely to my aid, and large numbers of the ruthless invaders were taken and committed unfeelingly to the flames.

“Then, while Mrs. B. was preparing the dinner, I fell into a sound slumber; from which I was at length awakened by a cheery call to dinner. ‘Now for an Independence day feast!’ I exclaimed; to which my good wife responded, ‘Yes; and since we have been having only plain fish for our every day fare, we are going to have a rarity for the present occasion; so our fish will be *stuffed.*’

"After dinner we renewed our conflict with our remaining enemies in the garden; and at five o'clock sat down to our evening meal, consisting of the remnant of our fish—served cold."

The Barnards had previously taken into their home the little Indian lad referred to above, caring for him as if he were their own child, and endeavoring to instruct him in the knowledge and worship of the true God. And it was found that, however indifferent and dull in regard to such matters the older persons might be, there was little difficulty in reaching the heart and understanding of this young child with the teachings and spirit of the divine Redeemer.

After some patient instruction in regard to the proper observance of the Lord's day, he appeared to feel very badly when he chanced to see his own mother at work in the field on that day.

"Perhaps," said he, "she doesn't know that it is the Sabbath;" and begged that he might go and ask her to leave off working on that day. Returning shortly after, he reported with much evident relief, that his mother had assured him that she was not working *for herself*, but for the wife of the chief who had previously employed her.

Upon his retiring to rest that night, Mr. Barnard said to him, "Franklin, I wish you to learn and always remember this little prayer," at the same time repeating to him very slowly the words of the familiar evening prayer of his own early childhood, "Now I lay me down to sleep," etc. This he thoughtfully repeated after him; and on the following evening said to his kind instructor, "I have not forgotten what you taught me last night;" and again reverently repeated the simple petition; and added, "Tomorrow I will tell it to my brothers, that they may learn it too." Truly of such as these, the Lord has said, "Who-

soever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, shall not enter therein."

As the season drew to a close, and the crisp autumn atmosphere reminded them of the near approach of another winter, it is not strange that a tinge of melancholy should occasionally shade the otherwise always cheerful pages of Mr. Barnard's journal. Accordingly, under date of October 1st, he writes, "Winter is fast approaching—and no news yet from the east. One year ago this month was the latest word we have had from our beloved friends at home. We know not how many of them may yet remain in the land of the *dying*. We can only commit them to the care of an all-wise and ever-loving Father who only 'doeth all things well.'"

Moreover the steady on-coming of that justly dreaded season saw them as yet but poorly prepared to resist its icy blasts. Their winter dwellings were still unfinished; their supplies were well-nigh exhausted; and as yet they had received no encouraging word—nor, indeed, any communication of any sort—from the Society under whose auspices they had gone forth on their unselfish ministry. Sadly realizing how vain was the promised help of man, they were yet enabled to lay fast hold by faith on the unfailing promises of Him who cannot lie, and who had said in His word, "Trust in the Lord, and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land—and verily thou shalt be fed."

It was not until the winter had fairly set in, that they were permitted to exchange their old, dilapidated bark hut, for one which, tho still unfinished, and unprovided with either window or door, was considered "comfortable" in comparison with the one from which they had just emerged.

The little room, very soon after it had been occupied by them, was filled with the bright expectant faces of the

Indian children, who came to be instructed in singing; and whose melodious voices, chanting the praises of the Redeemer, cheered from day to day the drooping spirits of their weary and home-sick "teachers."

Altho no converts had thus far been gathered, from among the natives, the first Sabbath of the new year (January 5th, 1845) was a memorable one in the history of the Mission at Red lake, by reason of the organization on that date, of the first Protestant church in this remote region. It was composed of the missionaries and their families, in all seven adults and three children; and a precious time was experienced by all as they sat down together at the Master's table. It was truly a "church in the wilderness;" born amid the wintry solitude of the forest; but strong in the hope of larger things awaiting their prayers and faith; when many of the benighted ones about them should be gathered into their Master's fold, and sit with them as humble disciples at the feet of Jesus.



XIII.

MID-WINTER JOURNEY AND MID-SUMMER TRIALS.

Owing to the difficulty and uncertainty of securing their supplies by way of the lakes, Messrs. Barnard and Johnston were advised to make a trial trip to Ft. Snelling in order to ascertain the feasibility of the "Mississippi route."

They accordingly set out together from Leech lake in the latter part of January (1845), and arrived at the fort some days later without serious mishap or delay. The whole intermediate country was at that time a "waste, howling wilderness;" there being only a few small trading posts above the falls of St. Anthony. On the present site of Minneapolis they found only a small government grist mill, attended by a solitary soldier from the fort; and where the city of St. Paul now proudly stands there were then scarce half a dozen wretched huts, correspond-

ing to the reputation of the inhabitants, and known only as "the devil's den."

Having concluded their commercial arrangements, the missionaries paid a brief visit to the Pond brothers at their mission station among the Sioux Indians, some miles farther up the Minnesota river; after which they prepared to retrace their lonely journey in the direction of their northern home.

About midway on their homeward route, they came upon a large gathering of Sioux and Ojibway Indians, engaged in a council of peace. A short time previous a son of the old Sioux chief had been killed by an Ojibway; but instead of taking revenge in the usual manner, he had listened to the good advice of the friendly trader, and had come to smoke the pipe of peace with his enemies. The missionaries being invited to join in the ceremony, they cheerfully assented—as being themselves the loyal servants of the Prince of peace. Whereupon, sitting down beside the bereaved chieftain, they received the pipe from his hand; and having taken a generous whiff of the same, passed it on to their neighbors in token of their completed friendly alliance*

The approach of the ensuing spring, with its mysterious power to unlock the stored-up sweetness of the maples, also brought new life and cheer to the misionaries, and to the natives as well. These prepared to depart for their accustomed sugar camps; while the others decided upon plans for a vigorous campaign of labor in the woods as soon as the heavy deposits of snow should have sufficiently disappeared.

It was during these closing days of March that Mr. Barnard pathetically records some of the cherished recollections of his earlier years: "Eleven years ago today," he says, "I left my native New England hills; and with

*See Appendix, "A."

father, mother, sisters and brothers started for the western world in northern Ohio. Many have been the changes that have come to me since that well remembered day. Then I could behold the smiles of a beloved mother, a kind father, and affectionate sisters and brothers. But now, how changed the scene. Ten years have passed away since I followed the mortal remains of that dear mother to the narrow house appointed for all the living. Other loved ones since then have witnessed my parting tears; and here am I today in this distant land, surrounded by the poor degraded sons of the forest. Truly, we are creatures of a day, and know not what may be on the morrow."

With the return of the Indians from their sugar making, and with the renewal of active operations on the part of the missionaries in the woods and gardens, some discordant notes began to be heard; and with the lovely advent of the first Lord's day in June, the long brewing troubles appeared to culminate and cast their baleful shadow over all the sweet unfolding beauty of the outer world. "This day's occurrences," writes Mr. Barnard, "have caused our hearts to bleed. We see, now, and experience some things similar to that we have heard of as taking place among the degraded heathen; and we can sympathize better than ever before with those who have been called to suffer from their wickedness in other lands."

A few days prior to this, the chief, who had ever been friendly to the missionaries, called upon them with a request for a half-dozen shirts as an initiation fee to a grand "medicine dance," which was to have been celebrated that same day. The request was declined on the ground of its tendency to build up those heathenish rites which they had always felt bound to disown. The result of his disappointment was a determination the

following morning to frighten the missionaries and thereby drive them away.

Accordingly the medicine dance was called for on that day, and a number of neighboring Indians invited; a large quantity of "fire water" having been duly provided for the occasion. The visitors fully anticipated a "big time," and spent the whole day in drinking and rioting. Many, maddened with the liquor, went about raving like frenzied beasts, making the most hideous yelps and groans imaginable.

Along in the middle of the night, Mr. Barnard was aroused by the crashing in of one of his windows—every light but one being destroyed. He was then accosted by the wretch outside, and ordered to come out of the house. After much parleying, accompanied by savage threats of violence, on the part of the drunken intruder, the missionary quietly refused to comply with the demand, and nervously awaited further developments. But fortunately for him, when the fury of the frenzied savage was at its height, some of the sober women came to the rescue, and led him away; thus leaving them, for the time at least, undisturbed.

The next morning the chief called on Mr. Barnard and requested him to accompany him to the house of Mr. Ayer, when he proceeded to express himself as follows:

"I do not intend to shake hands with you this morning; but I wish to say a few things to you, and tell you what I intend to do. You see the results of the past day. *You* have done it; *you* have caused all these losses—not I. I am clear. When I ask anything of the trader, he gives it to me; you do not. Tomorrow you shall see what I will do. We shall not have our dance today. The Good Spirit has told us to rest. I am going to the plains soon to hunt the buffalo; but I shall not bid you farewell. I and my people own this land. I have lent you

the land for four winters. Three you have already been here; one more, and then—

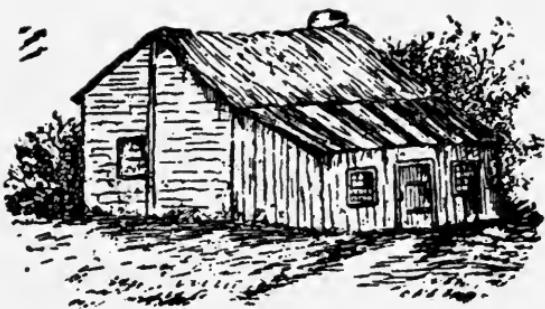
"I respect you all. I love those children," pointing to Mr. Ayer's two boys; "I love your cattle; they work for us all the time. I love your women, who teach our wives and children. But my heart is as hard as a stone. I have done no wrong; but you, I repeat it, *you* are the cause of all this trouble. I am about to go out of this house. I shall not enter it again. I have finished what I had to say."

This unfriendly episode led the missionaries at last to see that the time had come when it was necessary to have a clearer understanding as to the real feelings and intentions of their neighbors; since, if their work was to be permanently arrested at the end of the four years, it were better to know it at once, and thus prepare to change their location for one giving better promise of permanency.

So another meeting was had with the old chief, at which he was made to understand that they were determined to have the matter settled definitely; and that they were ready to leave the country at once if not encouraged to remain.

This brought the old man to terms; as it was evident his people would not sustain him in his previous position; and he now expressed his desire that the "teachers" would remain with them. He then, more rationally and justly, attributed all his trouble to the *whiskey* as the real cause; praised the missionaries to the highest degree; and begged that they would not for one moment think of going away—even at the end of the four years.

Evidently the chief had been led to change his mind; and after a day or so they departed on their summer hunt—"all in peace and good will."



XIV.

NEW CALLS FOR "TEACHERS."

Following hard on the heels of their late troubles came "evil tidings" from their brethren at Leech lake. A gang of lawless Indians, whom their chief appeared to be unable to control, were committing such depredations upon their cattle and other property as had forced them to appeal for help, in order to save their lives, as well as their property, from the destruction openly threatened.

In response to an appeal so urgent, Mr. Barnard, accompanied by an Indian boatman and his boy, Frank, hastily set out for the scene of difficulty. Having encamped on the evening of the their second day out, not far from Cass lake, and kindling a fire in order to prepare their supper and keep off the troublesome mosquitoes—as well as to prevent the predatory approach of animals prowling about—they were sleeping soundly in their blankets, when

awakened the next morning by the ominous sound of thunder rolling in the distance.

This and the heavy, dark clouds moving from the southwest, betokened the approach of a serious storm. Arousing his man and the boy, they hurriedly broke camp, and were soon speeding down the stream in quest of a more secure retreat from the rapidly approaching tempest. But notwithstanding their most heroic efforts, they were soon overtaken by its fury, and arrived at their coveted place of refuge in the midst of a terrific down-pour of rain, accompanied by vivid flashes of lightning and the most awe-inspiring thunder.

Here at Cass lake they found shelter in an Indian wigwam; which, altho already more than comfortably full, admitted the drenched "voyageurs," and showed them no lit'l'e kindness withal. In the course of their conversation, their desire for a "teacher" became unmistakably manifest, and they finally urged that one might be sent them at once. After the storm had abated, one of their number accompanied Mr. Barnard a distance of two or three miles along the lake shore in order to show him a "good place" for a mission station—all the while urging the point, "we want a 'teacher' very much."

Another said to him, "I was until this year a resident of Leech lake but I have left that place; the Indians there are too hard for me. I intend," he added, "to go back there as soon as I finish the canoe I am building, and shall try to persuade these 'teachers' to come and live here with us."

Thus these Indians—all to a man—were found pleading for "teachers;" and tho the besieged missionary could promise them no immediate supply, he assured them that he would do all in his power to provide for their need.

On reaching Leech lake, they were confronted by such signs of lawlessness and persistent opposition to their

work as seemed to necessitate the immediate abandonment of the Mision at that place. After which Dr. Lewis and his wife, and Mr. Spencer, joined their friends at Red lake, while Mr. Johnston decided to return to the vicinity of lake Superior.

Late in the ensuing autumn there came another call for "teachers"—this time from the Indians on the north shore of Red lake. Their aged chief, coming in person to lay before the missionaries the wishes of the people, offered to give them his own garden, or indeed almost any spot of ground they might desire, for the location of the mission premises. "And this," adds Mr. Barnard, "I considered to be the finger of God pointing us thither."

Encouraged by their response, the old chief returned across the lake to inform his people of the prospect of a "teacher." Meanwhile, it had been decided that in case a station should be located there, the principal burden of conducting the same would have to fall on Mr. Barnard and his devoted wife. And this fact, in view of his own inexperience and want of facility in the use of the native language, led him to feel greatly depressed at the thought of assuming so grave a responsibility. But placing all his trust in the God of missions, he resolved to go resolutely forward in whatever way His providence might continue to indicate.

Accordingly taking advantage of a light southerly breeze one fine morning early in November, the missionaries, accompanied also by Mr. Ayer's two little boys—Walter and Lyman—set out for a sail across the lake in order to look up a suitable site for the new station. Arriving at their destination, they were saluted by a solitary Indian, who stood on the shore and invited them to land. He informed them that his people were all attending a medicine dance; and that he had been commissioned by his brother, the chief, to show them the country. The

missionaries having then landed, proceeded to set up their tent; after which they accompanied their guide on a brief tour of the district; and returning at sunset well pleased with the prospect, they made their tea and prepared to dispose themselves for the night.

Before retiring to rest, however, Mr. Barnard withdrew into the solitude of the forest in order to meditate and counsel alone with God. His thoughts were filled with a devout review of His gracious leadings in all the past, as well as with a solemn sense of the responsibility now contemplated; and returning at last to the lonely little tent by the silent lake shore, he sought his humble resting place—but not to sleep. Having viewed the land, and selected the site, his mind was filled with plans regarding the buildings to be constructed, and the care of the future Mission. Wearily for him the long night passed away; with nothing to break the solemn stillness save the quiet lapping of the waves along the shore and the plaintive moaning of the autumn winds among the over-shadowing pines.

Having completed their survey of the land the following day, they were about to embark for home, when one of the Indians came running down to the shore protesting that his people were not at all pleased that they had not all been consulted in their public council. Whereupon, deciding that it would be prudent to comply with their wishes, they proceeded to accompany him thither; and were informed on the way that they might expect to be asked for *money*, in consideration of the privilege that might be accorded them of occupying the land.

To this unexpected demand the missionaries were not at all prepared to accede; and as the result of the conference with them, they concluded to return to their station across the lake and wait for a more favorable time for the carrying out of their now disconcerted plans.

Disappointed in their expectations of establishing a station on the north shore of the lake, they were now ready to respond to the oft-repeated appeals of the Indians of Cass lake. And for this work Messrs. Barnard and wife, and Mr. Spencer, were chosen. They accordingly visited the region, selected a location some three miles from the outskirts of the lake, and employed the remainder of the winter in removing their goods thither, and in cutting down and hauling out the timbers for a building, preparatory to more active operations in the spring.



XV. RIOTING AND MOURNING.

Close to the Indian village of Gasininsika—some three or four miles from the Mission—was located the trader's store. His chief stock in trade consisted of shirts and blankets, beads, tobacco, and an unfailing supply of “fire-water,” or bad whiskey. The whiskey was his drawing card, and the most profitable medium of exchange in dealing with the Indian hunter for his valuable furs. However unjustly in some cases, the “Indian trader” has always enjoyed among the more discriminating whites a reputation far from enviable. Between him and the Christian missionary there has generally been little enough in common. As a rule the trader has had no use for the man of God; while the latter would as willingly have dispensed with him and his nefarious traffic in body and soul destroying liquors.

What the missionary was seeking at the hazard of his life to uphold in the native character, the unscrupulous trader, by his business and personal influence thereby, was as assiduously tending to tear down and destroy. If the one sought to instruct the poor Indian and his children in the way of truth and righteousness, the other was a no less diligent instructor in the school of vice and immorality.

However much, therefore, the white races may have suffered from the evils of intemperance, it is certain that the introduction of the "fire water" among the native races—and the vicious manners of those introducing it has done more than aught else to demoralize and ruin a once noble race.

We have already seen, in a former chapter, what trouble and unhappiness to themselves, as well as of peril to the unoffending misionaries, was wrought by means of the maddening drinks which the conscienceless trader had supplied. Another similar outbreak, doubtless intended to terrorize the defenseless missionaries, occurred some week later, and is thus described by one of the sufferers:

"One morning early in September, the chief and nearly all his people repaired to the village to engage in a drunken carousal. It ended sadly enough for the chief and his family especially, as it was broken up thro the drink and gambling. His unhappy wife was compelled to flee for her life into the forest; while the children went about weeping broken-heartedly, and calling piteously for their exiled mother.

"Returning from the village, the drunken heathen raged all the following night around the mission premises, filling the long hours with their demoniac yells and the sounds of frenzied strife."

Meanwhile the helpless inmates of the Mission—like

Daniel in the den of lions—spent the night in prayer to God; and were grateful indeed, when the fury of the howling savages had at last spent itself, leaving them unharmed.

An event of unusually mournful interest occurred at the lake at the very opening of the year (1846): At day-break two of the leading men among the Indians came to the door of the missionaries, and saluting them with a volley from their muskets, said, "We thank the Great Spirit that we live to see another new year." Soon thereafter the bell was rung; and the Indians, young and old, came flocking in to receive their accustomed "new year's gift," consisting of a small cake and a little sweetened water previously prepared for all.

The simple ceremony was scarcely over, when one came in bringing the sad news that a young Indian girl—sister to one whom the Barnards had taken into their own family—was now lying at the point of death. Hastening to the spot, they found that her spirit had already taken its flight. So while Dr. Lewis closed her eyes, Mr. Barnard addressed some comforting words to the bereaved parents and relatives; telling them not to grieve and torment themselves as the Indians were wont to do; that the Lord has seen fit to take their loved one to Himself; and that He knew what was for the best. Having given her to them, He was now calling upon them to return her again to Him; and other words in a similar strain.

The house was filled with mourning relatives and friends, who listened with close attention to the speaker, and who appeared to be much impressed. They then gave the body over to the missionaries to be buried after the Christian custom; and this the latter regarded as a great advance toward Christianity, as the Indians hold their funeral rites very sacred.

After Mr. Barnard had concluded with some further remarks, the father of the dead child also gave expression to a few words, in which he manifested a decided change from his former views. He said he wished it to be understood by all present that he had adopted the white man's ways; and he thanked the Great Spirit that He had inclined the "teachers" to sympathize with him and his family in their affliction.

The missionaries then made a plain coffin and dug a grave; after which they returned to convey thither the remains. Very tenderly the body was placed in the coffin, and received from the weeping relatives gathered closely around, the parting kiss. Those who are accustomed to speak slightly of the Indian and of his inner life and feelings, would have found it affecting indeed to have seen them take their last sorrowful farewell of their beloved one. Tears rolled silently down the afflicted father's face as he approached the cold form of his child, so soon to be laid away in the silent grave. Then kneeling with bowed head beside the coffin, and kissing the unanswering face of the departed one, he voiced the eloquent lament of a sad and chastened soul: "My daughter, oh, my daughter, thou hast left us—thou has left us; the Lord has taken thee away!"

He then turned to his fellow mourners and said, "Now do not weep when my daughter is carried out of the house; the Lord has seen best to take her away; let us not mourn for her; God who owns us all knows what is best."

Then as the body was being borne to the grave, the parents followed closely behind—not openly lamenting and wailing as the Indians usually do—but calm and composed in manner. On the way the father was heard to say to his sorrow-stricken wife, "Now let us not weep for our daughter who has gone from us; the Lord has

taken her to Himself. Let us try to live as the Great Spirit would have us. I will try to do so; and I want you to help me."

Having arrived at the grave, the mortal remains of the departed girl were committed to their final resting place, underneath the soughing pines she had loved so well; and as the others softly retired from the sacred spot, the parental mourners remained—silent, but bowed with grief over the frozen clay.

At the Sabbath services nearly a fortnight after this sad event, an unusual interest was observed on the part of the Indians; and at the close of the service, Mr. Ayer requested those who were already determined to put away their sins and endeavor to live a Christian life, to rise up in the presence of the congregation; whereupon the parents of the departed at once responded, as did also several younger persons.

And this marked the beginning of a precious revival; in which quite a number of the natives were hopefully converted. Many of these afterwards united with the church—the greater portion of whom honored their profession and died in the triumphs of the Christian faith.

Thus were the hearts of those faithful workers cheered at last by seeing many of the poor heathen, for whom they had labored and prayed so long and patiently, now penitently coming to Christ.

XVI.

MISSION OPENED AT CASS LAKE.

The middle of February (1846) saw the Barnards and Mr. Spencer at Cass lake eager to open the new mission station there. A bark hut was hastily constructed for summer use; and a commodious log dwelling begun, which however was not completed before the following September.

A week or so later they laid the foundation for a school house "the first log of which was taken from the first tree cut on the mission ground more than six months previously." Over this log the two men had held "a prayer meeting;" and from that time on, observes Mr. Barnard, "it was our unfailing custom upon commencing any important piece of work, to seek the guidance and blessing of the God of missions; nor has it been in vain that we have done so."

About this time a sad disappointment befell them in consequence of the non-arrival of long-expected and much needed helpers for their promising school work.

However, modifying their over sanguine plans, in order to meet their present requirements, the new school house was left unfinished for the winter; and the daily instruction of the native women and children was undertaken by the missionaries in the kitchen of their own dwelling.

By so doing, however, they were subject, not only during the school hourse but at all other times as well, to the unseasonable intrusion of both children and parents, and the never-failing accompaniment of half-starved dogs and vermin. No need, in their case, surely, to voice the old refrain:

"Oh, dear, what can the matter be?

Parents don't visit the school."

Amid such "scenes of confusion" and incessant annoyance, the devoted missionary's wife, in addition to her ordinary household cares, patiently taught the children and gave instruction to the women in needle work and other useful knowledge of civilized domestic life."

The fondness of the Indians for music was early remarked; and the missionaries were not slow to employ the persuasive influence of sacred song in order to reach the hearts and minds of young and old alike with the devout and elevating sentiments expressed therein. The services on Sabbath mornings, announced by the ringing of a bell, were usually attended by the chief and his son, as well as by most others within hearing of the bell.

When thus convened they would all sit and listen with rapt attention and interest to the music of the beautiful gospel hymns, sung in their own language, interspersed as they usually were with choice selections of Scripture and gospel exhortations. Thus while the children were making rapid progress in the various branches daily taught them, their patient teachers were pleased to note how the wild and warlike songs of the native youth were gradually being replaced by hymns of praise to the divine Redeemer.

One of their favorite hymns, "The Heavenly Land," in both the native and English versions, ran as follows:

'Sh-pe-ming ke-guh-zhat-min.
Pah-ne-mah, pah-ne-mah;
(We shall reach the heavenly land,
 By and by, by and by;)
O-da-nang-pin de-ga-yung.
Pah-ne-inah, pah-ne-mah,
(We shall pass those pearly gates,
 By and by, by and by.)
Ke-guh-nuh, guh-mo-min-dush,
Pah-ne-mah, pah-ne-mah,
(We shall sing redeeming love,
 By and by, by and by,) etc.

Meanwhile in addition to these and the ordinary Sabbath services, other casual opportunities of presenting the gospel to the natives were seldom permitted to pass by unimproved. How this was sometimes done in connection with their evening worship is related by Mr. Barnard in his journal:

"While engaged at our work one afternoon, the old chief and one of his friends—a renegade soldier—came along and sat down on a pine log near by, and quietly conversed with us on various topics. Altho surmising that they had come, as they had frequently done before, in order to be present at our evening worship, the work engaging our attention at the time was so pressing that we kept right on until after our usual hour for worship.

"At length the chief arose from where he was sitting, and suggested to his friend that they might as well go into the house; and turning to me, added, 'We will now go in and wait for you there, expecting that you will also come in later and preach to us.'

"Touched by the chief's evident frankness, so unusual on the part of an Indian, in expressing a willingness to listen to the gospel, I replied that we would be in very

soon; and hastened to complete the work in hand. Meanwhile I kept praying inwardly that we might be guided aright in the selection of Scripture best suited to their need. The passage we were led to select was the one in the first chapter of Paul's Epistle to the Romans, in which the heathen are described, and declared to be 'without excuse' altho they may not have had the written law of God."

Mr. Barnard then proceeded to expound and apply as pungently as possible this portion of the Word. And truly the Lord was with him there, as for two whole hours he addressed the heathen chieftain and his profigate associate—reasoning with them, as Paul with Felix, of "righteousness, temperance and the coming judgment." Most vividly and feelingly the faithful ambassador of Christ portrayed the sad apostasy of the entire race, the guilt of every sinner, with or without the law, in the sight of an infinitely holy God; and closed his solemn discourse by earnestly pointing his benighted but now awakened hearers to the one divine remedy for sin—"the Lamb of God who beareth away the sin of the world."

While God by His servant was thus making His gracious appeal to the hearts and consciences of these men, they sat there in the deepening twilight amid the weird shadows cast by the flickering light of a smouldering fire—listening in rapt attention to the solemn declarations of the law and the gracious pleadings of the gospel; the aged chieftain often wiping his eyes with his soiled and faded handkerchief, and leaning forward in the dim light in order to see the preacher's face and catch his every utterance.

During the interview that followed, the chief remarked, "We understand, by experience, that is, *we believe* a part of what you have said. We speak of one Great Spirit who made the world and all things; but you have some-

thing which we have not—*you have a Book.*"

"Does your religion know anything about the Son of God?" inquired the missionary.

"Oh, no," he replied.

"Well, He is the only one upon whom we depend for salvation; for without an experimental knowledge of Him, no one can enter Heaven."

Many other things were said in a similar vein, to which both the men appeared to be giving the most earnest heed. Then inwardly praying that the Holy Spirit might apply His own solemn truths to their consciences, a lighted pine torch was placed in their hands to guide them on their way thro the darkness which now enshrouded the lonely forest. And as the two passed out into the night, and the feeble light from their trembling torches grew dim and at last disappeared in the darkness, the missionaries re-entered their humble dwelling to pray that the true Light might shine into their darkened souls and guide them to His own eternal home above.

Again on the second day after the foregoing interview, and just before their usual hour for evening worship, the chief entered; this time alone, carrying in his hand a small quantity of wild rice as a "present" for the missionary. His appearance and manner indicated that he had come to hear more of the truth. So looking to the Lord for direction, Mr. Barnard turned to the description of Heaven as given by St. John in Rev. xxi; and also the parable of the rich man and Lazarus, in Luke xvi.

As these sublime and awful truths were read and dwelt upon, the chief sat listening with all the eagerness of a little child; and none present could doubt that he, like the one who came to Jesus by night, was a sincere and interested seeker after divine truth—a soul in darkness feeling after the living God.

XVII. DAYS OF TRIAL.

Altho not claiming to be an adept in medical science, Mr. Barnard was a good nurse, and was often called upon by his dusky neighbors for the exercise of whatever knowledge and skill he might possess in cases too stubborn to yield to the barbarous methods of the native practitioners. He was approached one bleak autumn day by the chief who gravely informed him of the serious illness of his daughter. The chief was himself a "medicine man," but finding all their accustomed arts and conjurings unavailing, he had come at last to the "teacher" for advice.

Regarding this as a favorable opportunity to show them a kindness, Mr. Barnard left his work and went with the anxious father to see his child. Upon entering the wigwam, made especially for the sufferer, he found a

number of the medicine men sitting around with their conjuring instruments beside them. Taking the place assigned him near the child, he proceeded to examine the symptoms of the disease, while the eyes of all present were intently fixed upon him. He then informed them of the nature of the illness, and indicated what he would do for her if she were his own child. But they all silently shook their heads, and said they were afraid to adopt the treatment recommended, as she was too weak to take the medicine—to confirm which they pointed at her feet, which they declared to be already smitten with the chill of death.

After stating more fully his reasons for the treatment he had recommended, he left them to deliberate among themselves in regard to the case; and soon after the noise of the drum, accompanied by the wild yelling of the conjurers, too plainly informed him that they were determined to do their utmost to imperil the safety of the poor little sufferer.

Early the following morning the chief came around again; and when asked as to the condition of his daughter, he shook his head and sadly responded, "She is no better; and I have come to ask you if you will not consent to take her and try to cure her."

"If you had consented to this yesterday," replied the missionary, "I have no doubt she could have been cured; but now I fear it may be too late."

"Well," he sadly responded, "I was not opposed to your proposition; altho my wife was. She loved her daughter greatly. However this morning as the day began to dawn, I reflected much upon the matter and said to my wife, 'You see our situation; our daughter will surely die in spite of all we Indians can do for her. We only shake the rattle over her and beat the drum and yell. We give her no medicine. Now what say you; shall we not let

the teacher give her some medicine? Perhaps he may be able to save her; if not, she will surely die.' At last she gave her consent; and we thought," he added cautiously, "that if you should be willing to allow our daughter to be brought to your house, it would be much better, since then she would not be disturbed by the noise."

The missionary having expressed his willingness to do all in his power for the child, he returned with the father and soon had the little patient conveyed to his own house as they had requested.

The poor child was found to be covered with filth and vermin, as well as in great suffering from the disease. After Mrs. Barnard had bathed her and supplied her with a clean garment, some mild remedies were employed, after which she was permitted to enjoy the luxury of a repose which, having been constantly terrified by the hideous noise and yells of the "medicine men," she had not during many a long night experienced hitherto.

After twelve days of patient watching and care, the chief and his wife, who had also remained with them thro the whole period, returned with their daughter to their own lodge. They appeared thoroly convinced that the white man's knowledge of medicine and diseases far exceeded theirs, and many times thereafter expressed the conviction that they had been the means of saving their daughter's life.

After all the flattering hopes awakened in regard to this chief, and others, an evil spirit seemed to have taken possession of him at the last; and his passionate, fault-finding temper became the occasion of many petty annoyances and trials to the missionaries afterwards.

"This morning," writes Mr. Barnard, "it was impressed upon my mind that I should need special grace for the day; and I besought the Lord to give me strength and wisdom for whatever exigency might arise. All things

went along as usual until about ten o'clock, when the eldest daughter of the chief came to beg for some fish. But as such requests were becoming rather too frequent, we decided to exact some simple service in exchange, as we had already done with others. At this her pride was touched; and going forth in a rage to the kitchen where her parents were awaiting her, she wrathfully informed them of what had occurred.

"At once the chief flew into a violent passion, and proceeding to the store house, where Mr. Spencer was temporarily occupied, arrogantly demanded the same thing from him. This being refused, he came back, and with a great show of authority ordered me to give his daughter what she had asked for. Knowing that her daughter's husband was lounging idly at home, I explained all the circumstances to him, and remained firm in my refusal to comply with his demand. He then reminded me that I was living on his land, etc.; and going out again in a great rage to Mr. Spencer, now chopping wood near by, forbade his cutting any more trees. Spencer kept quietly at his work; but having occasion to lay down his ax, the chief hastily seized it and struck it fiercely and repeatedly into the frozen ground; after which, with a grim smile, he turned and walked haughtily away."

In the evening he called upon Mr. Barnard and requested an interview. The two men then sat down together upon a log before the fire and quietly reconsidered the unhappy events of the day. Very faithfully the missionary pointed out to the now thoroly sobered chieftain his rudeness and folly; which he did not now attempt to palliate or deny.

That the chief received but small sympathy from his people became evident a day or so later, when a number of his followers called and made particular inquiries with regard to the "late unpleasantness," and expressed great

surprise and regret at his conduct.

In the evening one of the oldest men of the tribe came in to "visit" with the missionary, and after talking over various matters he went on to say, "I have long desired to have a conference with you. I have heard many evil reports during the winter; therefore I have come to talk matters over with you. I am a peaceable old man who try to mind my own business; but I am accustomed to think a great deal. From my youth I have been in the habit of looking back over my past life, then forward to a certain point whence I draw my conclusions." He then stated many things to convince the discouraged missionaries that he at least was a true friend of the Mission; assuring them that he had long desired to see "teachers" come into the country, and that however long they might remain they would never find him speaking disrespectfully of them or their work.

After a few weeks of comparative quiet, another "storm period" ensued. The chief strode into the school room one day carrying a bag of corn which he wished to get ground. As it was during school hours, and the missionaries were very busy with other duties at the time, he was requested to leave it with them until they could more conveniently attend to it for him. He sat gloomily in the room during the greater portion of the afternoon, while the teachers continued their work in the school. He returned the following day, just as the school had been called—two aged men, known as "Father Sweet" and "Uncle David," being also present.

The chief began by abruptly inquiring if his corn had yet been ground. Being as promptly answered in the negative, he immediately flew into a furious passion and said some hard things in the presence of the children and of the two aged men. The missionary replied to him kindly but firmly; and asked him some questions, in

answering which he was not careful to adhere to the truth. He then threatened to send the missionaries all away if they still refused to grind his corn; and again ordered them to do so. Being again refused, a panic seized the children present and they retreated hastily thro the door; while the old men sat still, looking on in mute astonishment and mortification. Altho the abuse and provocation were hard to endure, Mr. Barnard's prayer for the needed grace was answered in the ability afforded of refraining from the expression of an unkind word or the manifestation of an unkind spirit in meeting the bitter aspersions of the unhappy chief.

The situation now appeared serious enough for the missionaries; and if it should appear that the chief was likely to command the sympathies of his people in the matter, the speedy abandonment of the mission would be the only possible solution.

After a sad and sleepless night, therefore, their drooping spirits were cheered by the friendly greeting of a number of the men who came in early to express their astonishment and grief on account of the conduct of the chief. One of them, generally regarded as the chief's most intimate friend, did not hesitate to declare his mind very freely in regard to the whole matter. He assured the missionaries that the Indians were all very much grieved at the brutal treatment they had received, and intimated that there would be a change in the chieftaincy before very long.

That these expressions were genuine and really represented the feelings of his constituents was made very clear some days later. At that time the second chief having returned from a hunting expedition, and hearing of what had occurred during his absence, called a council of all the men who were present in the camp. Then taking with him seven of the most influential of his men, he

proceeded to the house of the assembled missionaries and addressed them in substance as follows:

"Teachers, you would not see so many of us gathered here for naught. We have come to express our feelings respecting what has taken place recently. We are very unhappy to learn that such things have occurred. I wish you to listen, not to one man only, but to what the majority have to say. We greatly love you; and cannot consent for one moment that you should leave us. You feel for us; you care for us and our children. I speak now for myself; I love you. We are all happy to look out and see your house among us, and hope you will not think of leaving it deserted. It is our wish that the smoke of your dwelling may continue to ascend in peace."

Thus cheered by the peaceful termination of a threatened breach, the grateful missionaries "thanked the God of Missions" and took courage, pursuing more smoothly the even tenor of their way thro the remaining days of a long and weary winter.

At the close of their first year of labor at Cass lake, it was deemed wise to organize a mission Church at this point also. The organization was accordingly affected by the senior missionary, Rev. Ayer, called for the occasion from the central station at Red lake. It took place on the last day of February (1847); and was followed by the ordination of Mr. Barnard, and of his installation over the little flock as its pastor.

In recording the event, he writes, "Today, Brother Ayer organized our little 'church in the wilderness,' composed at present of myself and wife and infant daughter, and Brother Spencer. A precious communion season was held in the afternoon, and our souls were greatly strengthened and refreshed in the Lord. O that God would look upon us in our weakness, and cause this little flock of His to grow in faith and numbers until multi-

tudes of these poor children of the forest shall come and sit down with us around the table of our blessed Lord."

During the summer of this year the mission was strengthened and the hearts of the lonely missionary band greatly cheered by the arrival from Oberlin, of Rev. A. B. Adams and wife and Miss Cornelia Leonard, who afterwards became the wife of Mr. Spencer.



XVIII.

LOOKING HOMeward.

After five long years of seclusion in the depths of the wilderness, Mr. Barnard decided to make a trip with his family back to his eastern home. In addition to the anticipated pleasure of a much-needed rest and visit with long-separated loved ones, his chief objects were to arrange for the publication of an Indian text book adapted for use in the mission schools, and to secure additional funds and laborers for their growing work.

As a pleasant prelude to their prospective journey he was requested on the morning of their departure (May 16, 1848) to unite in marriage their valued co-laborers, Mr. Spencer and Miss Leonard, who, with Mr. Adams and wife, were to be left in charge of the Cass lake mission during their absence in the east.

The Indians were accordingly called together to wit-

ness the "white man's wedding,"—the first doubtless, that had ever occurred on the shore of that lovely lake. The spring was decked in her loveliest garb, and her earliest flowers were peeping forth to greet the bride. Gathered there under the tall pines in front of the rude log dwelling—the bride and groom attired very plainly, attended by their associates, and surrounded by a dusky background of curious and deeply interested spectators—the scene was an impressive one. Following the solemn words that made the contracting parties "husband and wife," the departing misionary delivered to all alike a tender and affectionate farewell address. Then, having taken a hasty and sorrowful leave of the rude but endear-ed scenes and faces, they turned their longing gaze toward the still dearer home land in the distant east.

Besides Mr. Barnard, his wife and infant daughter, the company included an esteemed Indian girl, and the boatman who had been engaged to convey them in his canoe as far as Crow Wing on the Mississippi river. Having embarked thereon, in their little birch bark canoe, they encamped at the close of the first day, near the outlet of lake Winebegoshish, on the spot, occupied as a French trading post many years before. Here they tied up their frail canoe to a neighboring tree and set up their tent for the night. Their simple meal was soon prepared; and after it had been partaken of in wearied silence, they all committed themselves to the care of Him "who neither slumbers nor sleeps," and lay down to rest amid the solemn stillness of the lonely forest.

Lonely indeed must have seemed their little lodge that night, under the softly-murmuring pines and close beside the noiseless flow of the "father of waters;"—their thoughts wandering back to the friends and cares so recently left, or ranging forth along the mysterious paths of an unknown future, little suspecting that at least *one*

of their little company was going forth never more to return.

In order that we of a later generation may be able to form some idea of what was involved in a journey such as theirs, before railroads or other modern appliances had penetrated these then remote regions, let us glean somewhat from the journal of those early missionary "voyageurs:"

Awakened early the following morning amid the joyous greetings of numerous forest birds and committing themselves to the care of their kind Protector, they pushed their boat into the current and were soon speeding merrily on their way down stream. Gradually their haunting cares of previous days began to fade into memories of departed things; while the "dim old pictures" of home and dear ones still so far away, grew ever more distinct and real with every dip of the plashing oar. Their anxiety to realize the growing vision served to lengthen the hours of the long spring days. The weather was waxing warm and sultry; the mid-day sun blazed full in their faces; while by day and night untiring swarms of mosquitoes rested never from their monotonous appeals and persistent assaults.

Towards evening of the third day they were passing the Pokegoma falls—the river at this point being quite wide and the current very swift. On one side was an Indian village; on the other the dingy tent of the trader. While the little party were rowing quietly along—listening to the noisy drum of the "medicine men," and observing the natives who thronged the shore to gaze at the passing strangers—they were suddenly awakened from their enchantment by the striking of their canoe against a large rock concealed in the middle of the stream.

At once it became so securely fastened in a crevice of



St. Louis River.



Pokegema Falls, Upper Mississippi

the rock that the men were unable to extricate it. Meanwhile the swift current whirled them around—imperilling the boat and the lives of its inmates. The savages along the shore, perceiving their danger, set up a wild shout and sent out a couple of canoes—not to relieve the endangered voyagers, but simply “to see the fun.” At the same time the selfish trader stood idly beside his tent on the opposite shore, languidly surveying the scene, and smoking his “pipe of peace,” sublimely indifferent to the danger and alarm of the helpless women and innocent babe.

Every moment the rock-bound mariners were expecting the canoe to fill with water and leave them struggling in the midst of the stream. But leaping out upon the rock, the men at length succeeded in prying the boat from its perilous mooring; after which, dexterously leaping back in as it swept away, they were once more gliding down amid the rippling waves. To their great surprise and joy it was found that the boat had received no serious injury, and the happy party proceeded on their way, devoutly thankful for their merciful deliverance from threatened death.

They toiled hard all the next day in order to reach the Methodist mission at Sandy lake; but a heavy rain storm hindered their progress, and compelled them to make their camp in a dreary spot midway. Stretching their weary limbs upon a damp bed of rushes and twigs, and tormented the long night thro by the ever-present mosquitoes, the comfortless party lay and “waited for the dawn.”

Arising the next morning stiff and sore from the toil and exposure of the previous day—and night—they wearily resumed their journey, and reached Sandy lake shortly before noon. Here the tired pilgrims were received with truly Christian sympathy and kindness by ✓

the missionaries in charge, the Rev. Samuel Spates and his devoted wife.

It was here, also, that they first met the interpreter, James Tanner, who was afterward associated with Messrs. Adams and Spencer, and wives, in their new mission at lake Winnebegoshish; and who some years later inaugurated the first Baptist mission on Dakota soil. He is thus referred to by Mr. Barnard in his journal:

"I was here introduced to the interpreter, James Tanner, a half-breed, whose father was stolen in childhood from his home in Kentucky by a band of Shawnee Indians under Tecumseh. Afterward adopted by the tribe, his life was spent among the Indians; and he became famous throughout the northwest as a hunter and scout. His youngest son, James, was converted at the Anse Mission about a year ago; and has since then devoted himself to the work of a misionary among his own people in his position as interpreter here. His wife, also, appears very devoted and actively engaged in the work with her husband."

XIX

A WEARISOME JOURNEY ENDED.

When the missionaries arrived at Crow Wing they had to part with their Indian boatman—and also his boat. Unprovided with “through tickets” for their eastern trip, and set ashore midway, they were now in a state of sad perplexity in regard to the means wherewith to continue their journey. The weather, moreover, was sultry and threatening; while various rumors of the proximity of the unfriendly Sioux, filled them with alarm for the safety of themselves, and especially of their Indian girl who belonged to an alien tribe.

For a time their faith was sorely tried; but after much prayer and some patient waiting, their way was very providentially opened by the unexpected, but timely arrival of a generous and influential friend, the Hon. H. N. Rice. He was in the country at the time as U. S. Com-

missioner for the Winnebago Indians, who were about to be transferred to their new reservation in Minnesota. Having explored the country and located some government farmers and other artisans, he and his party were now on their way back to St. Paul, and kindly offered to provide room for the missionary and his family in one of his comfortable canoes. This unlooked-for opportunity they very devoutly and properly regarded as a direct answer to their prayers, and the following morning found them ready to embark with their newly-found friends.

The previous night, however, proved to be a memorable one for the little company of tent-dwellers, and their frail structure was threatened with immediate destruction by the sudden approach of a most terrific thunder storm. Amid the bewildering rush of wind and flood, accompanied by the roar of thunder and the constant flashing of the lightning, the awakened missionary sprang forth—all untoiled and undisguised—to strengthen the stakes of the already dissolving tabernacle. Altho nearly stunned by a bolt which struck in the forest close by, no one was injured; and this midnight display of elemental strife was—like many another previously experienced—safely weathered by the storm-beaten mariners.

The rising sun beamed tranquilly after the storm upon the entire party as they cheerily plowed their way down the river. Their good friend having men enough to row his two canoes, and also one for the missionaries, the little careworn party could now quietly rest, regaled by the fragrant air, the melodious songs of birds, and the lovely panorama of beautiful and ever-changing scenery displayed on the upper Mississippi. All day long their vessels out-ran the current; and at sunset they reached their camping-place at Little Rock—"filled with praise to God for all His goodness, and realizing more than ever before that 'all things work together for good to them that love Him.' "

A day or so later, whilst gliding pleasantly down stream, the sun just sinking in the west, a beautiful fawn was seen coming out of the forest and amusing herself at the water's edge only a short distance away—alternately drinking and feeding, seeing the boats approaching, but suspecting no danger. When Mr. Rice's boat came up within a few rods of her, he leveled his gun and fired. When shot the poor creature bounded several feet into the air and fell back again into the water. While struggling there another shot was fired at her by one of the boatmen; but she soon regained the bank; and altho weakened from loss of blood, she quickly disappeared in the forest. All hands then went ashore to search for her; but to their great disappointment and chagrin, the hungry travelers failed to feast on *venison* that night.

The falls of St. Anthony were reached on the morning of June 1st—two weeks from the date of their setting out from Cass lake. At this point their canoes and baggage were carried around the "rapids," and the run to St. Peter (Fort Snelling) was quickly and easily made. Parting at this point with the boatmen and their canoes, they set up their tents on the shore to await the arrival of a more staunch and modern craft to carry them forward to Galena.

The following sun-rise greeted a happy company steaming gaily down the larger Mississippi, as rich in scenic beauty as the Hudson or historic Rhine. Entering the beautiful lake Pepin, where the river expands into a broad smooth sheet of water, they beheld the bark huts of a lingering band of Sioux Indians along its western shore. At the mouth of Black river, which was reached in the afternoon, they found the banks lined with Winnebago Indians, who were engaged in the performance of "peace," or farewell, dance while waiting to be transferred to their new hunting grounds farther north.

Here the misionaries parted very reluctantly with their generous friend, Mr. Rice; "and" adds Mr. Barnard, "I cannot but record my sincere attachment for him. I think I never met any one, making no pretension of being a Christian, who has so won my affection as this man. . . His urbanity and freedom from affectation in his intercourse with strangers and employees—in fact, his whole deportment shows him to be a true gentleman and philanthropist; and I cannot but hops and pray that he may yet become a subject of divine grace."

Passing the historic Prairie du Chien at night, the vessel entered the Fever river and arrived at Galena on Saturday at noon. Here the returning missionaries were met by kind friends, and shared their christian hospitality during the ensuing Sabbath.

Three o'clock Monday morning found them facing the dawn and already well on their way to the aspiring young city of Chicago. Thither, after some mishaps and forty-four weary hours of incessant travel—"packed like sardines in an old stage coach—they arrived, forlorn and crumpled, late on Tuesday night. From Chicago by lake steamer to Cleveland; whence a few hours' ride by stage brought them to Elyria and to their father's house in peace. Their coming had not been announced, and was accordingly entirely unexpected; and the aged father on seeing his long-absent children once more, was for a time almost speechless. "Never," observes his son, "shall I forget that scene—it cannot be described in words."

XX.

AMONG FAMILIAR SCENES.

Like a longed-for rest among "the palm trees and fountains of Elim," was Barnard's first Sabbath at "old Oberlin" among the remaining friends and instructors of his college days. At the prayer-meeting in the evening—the first during five eventful years that he had been privileged to attend in a Christian land—his soul was greatly refreshed by the sense of the Divine presence, where the well known place of prayer and the occasion itself served to call up many a sacred and precious vision from the slumbering memories of the past.

He set out for Cleveland some weeks later, intending to undertake a missionary campaign in his native New England in the hope of awakening interest there also in the work of his Society among the Minnesota Indians. And the following brief itinerary of an old-time journey

from western Ohio to New England, may be of interest to our present-day pilgrims unaccustomed to making such journeys by piece-meal:

"Took the steamer for Buffalo at 8:30 a. m., and the cars for Niagara falls at 10:30; crossed over the suspension bridge, and boarded the cars again for Lewiston. Took the steamer on lake Ontario for Oswego next day at 4:00 a. m.; transferred to the plank road stage for Rome at 6:30—fifty passengers filling the four coaches available. Took the cars again at Rome for Troy; and thence by stage across the Green mountains"—reaching Peru (his early home) in eight or nine days after leaving Cleveland, and accomplishing a half-dozen transfers by steamboat, plank road, rail car and stage!

Having arrived at his old home in the Green mountain state, after an absence of fifteen crowded years, his journal touchingly portrays the very human interest with which he surveyed the familiar scenes and haunts of his boyhood days:

"Can I," he says, "believe my own eyes; is this indeed my own loved native land? Often have I been here before in my dreams; but now at last I am permitted to view it once more with my natural vision. O Memory, how sweet thou art; and yet what shadows thou bringest to my heart at times. These hills, these vales—the woodlands and meadows, the orchard and familiar dwellings—how well remembered are all these still, tho many eventful years have rolled by since I beheld them last. The little rivulets and the rushing torrents remind me, ah, how vividly, of my childhood days; when I used to wander over these beautiful hills, and with my hook and line follow up and down their winding channels.

"The view of my father's farm—the old home, and everything about it—brings to me sober thoughts of by-gone years. Once I sported over these hills and played

in the yard upon the fresh green grass, a careless child attended by the ever-watchful eye of a tender and affectionate mother. But now, how changed the scene. Thirteen long years have hardened the clods that cover her precious remains—tho they have not dulled the affection in which her memory is still embalmed, how vividly the days of her loving presence reappear as I enter the little chamber, where I have so often seen her agonizing in prayer for her wayward boy, as she lay languishing on a bed of sickness and pain."

Here he taried over the Sabbath, meeting old friends and neighbors of his parents, and preaching and participating in a solemn sacramental service, during which both speaker and hearers were "bathed in tears" amid the sorrowful memories of by-gone years.

His time while in New England was fully occupied—preaching on an average three or four times every Sabbath, and earnestly presenting the important interests of his beloved mission. The autumn and ensuing winter were spent in the vicinity of Oberlin, among the various churches and Sabbath schools, and in personally superintending the publication of his Indian text book.

During the stay of the Barnards in Ohio, a sad loss befell them, occasioned by the untimely death of their adopted Indian girl, to whom they had become deeply attached, and who had already developed into a lovely christian character.

A full year having sped rapidly by, the opening days of June (1849) saw the Barnards—accompanied by Rev. Fisher and wife, Mr. Francis Spees and the Rev. Mr. Bardwell, secretary of the missionary Society—again on their way back to the distant wilderness. They reached Chicago on the 6th at midnight—"just one year to the hour," observes Mr. Barnard, "from the date of our arrival at the Sherman house on our way down." "But,"

he adds, "how changed the situation now. Little did we think that our dear Indian sister—whose name I that night registered for the first time, 'Hannah More,'—would be called away to meet her Savior before our return. May we have grace to meet her poor parents; and nothing daunted, enter upon our labors among her yet benighted kindred and people, from whom she has been carried to the skies—a trophy of redeeming love."

The party having set forward the following morning on the cars, which conveyed them only *ten miles* on their westward way, they continued their journey thence by stage. There were eight persons in the party, which filled one coach completely, while the baggage had to be left behind until the following day. They found the weather very warm and sultry, and the roads were exceedingly bad. Three times the coach stuck fast in the mud, and the male occupants were required to "lend a hand" at the ghastly wheels.

All the following night they rode in an old lumber wagon over the roads almost impassible, which made the trip a hard one indeed for the weary women and children. At one time they were turned over in a narrow coach; but fortunately no bones were broken, and there was no need to lay up for repairs.

At Galena, on the borders of the wilderness, the bruised and way-worn pilgrims rejoiced to find once more their "Elim shade" and refreshing Sabbath rest; and on the morrow boarded the steamboat for St. Paul. With them also went a mixed multitude of other passengers, a lot of miscellaneous freight, and a herd of thirty odd horses and cattle on the deck. Moreover, on the next day the vessel stopped to pick up some straggling Winnebago Indians to join their tribe recently removed to Minnesota.

The trip up the river was not without a variety of mis-

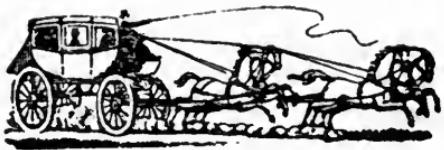
haps, as well as serious loss to a portion of the passengers—an ox and horse falling overboard, while a little Indian boy sorely bewailed the loss of his valuable dog. However, at the end of a three days' cruise, the survivors of the expedition were safely landed at the motley little village of St. Paul.

Glad to set foot once more on terra firma, the missionaries hastily pitched their tent "in a grove a little way out of the village;" where, owing to the rise of water in the streams flowing across their contemplated route, they deemed it prudent to remain for a few days, including the Sabbath.

Referring to their brief stay in St. Paul—a village at the time of less than 800 souls—the simple journal of these missionary pioneers contains no suggestion of the proud future awaiting the infant emporium of the great northwest as we know it today; while the queenly city of the "laughing water," cradled afterward at its side, was yet wholly nameless and unknown.

Avoiding during their temporary stay the rough crowds thronging the street of the busy little frontier town, the weary party rested in their tents during the Sabbath day—their thoughts alternating meanwhile, between the loved ones back in the dear home land, and the work awaiting them amid the lonely pines bordering the northern lakes.





XXI.

BACK TO THE WILDERNESS.

With Monday's rising sun the pilgrims were on their journey northward, having hired a couple of men with their teams to convey them as far as to Crow Wing on the upper Mississippi. The persons were carried in a two-horse spring wagon, followed by a lumber wagon containing the baggage and supplies for the journey.

Driving merrily past the swift current of the St. Anthony falls—the water tumbling and dashing over the rocks on that bright June morning—how little the passing travelers suspected the mighty industrial changes destined to transpire along the banks of that same stream; when the wild rushing waters would be tamed and harnessed to ponderous machinery for grinding the food supply of the world.

The pleasure of the northward journey in mid-June

was not a little marred at the outset by the excessive heat, aggravated by clouds of mosquitoes and the bad condition of the roads. These running wildly thro the forest, were inundated at frequent intervals by floods resulting from the melting snows. farther north and the recent heavy showers.

On the third day after their departure, having crossed the Little Rock river in safety on a raft, one of the party, Mrs. Fisher, was taken suddenly ill with alarming symptoms of cholera, prevalent at the time on the Ohio and Mississippi rivers.

The driver informed them of a small log hut some miles further on; and they determined to reach it if possible, altho in the face of a swiftly approaching storm. But the team becoming mired in the deep mud, an unavoidable delay was caused; and a situation ensued which the rain, now descending in torrents, was not well calculated to relieve. But on they went, floundering thro the mud and blinding storm, across a wide-stretching plain and thoroughly drenched by the descending flood, until the desired haven was reached—in safety if not in unruffled peace.

It was a most lonely spot indeed, situated at the foot of a hill on the edge of a tamarack swamp. Into this dismal abode the sick woman was hastily carried, and left in the care of her well-nigh distracted husband; while the others set up their tents, prepared their meals, and sought to dispose themselves in a tolerable fashion for the night.

It was, however, a still more difficult proposition that confronted the unhappy occupants of the little hut, who soon found themselves most mercilessly assailed by swarms of voracious mosquitoes. Pouring in thro the cracks, and swooping down from their crowded perches in the roof, they danced and sang exultingly around their

helpless victims, like a troop of canibals summoned to a barbarous feast. A "smudge" was finally started; but while it appeared to interfere with "the dance of the brownies," it scarcely served to mitigate the distress of the poor sufferer now well-nigh suffocated by the rising volume of smoke.

The following morning the rain had ceased, but the patient was no better; and to add to the party's present discomfiture, the men reported that the horses could not be found. It was feared that the Winnebago Indians—a band of whom had been seen hanging around the previous evening—had run them off during the night. Indeed one of the men was quite positive that he had discovered the trail, where to all appearance they had been driven away. It was with no little anxiety, therefore, that the distressed travelers awaited the result of a more thorough search for the missing animals, upon whose recovery so much appeared to depend. And when at last the men were seen emerging from the forest, proudly leading the recovered wanderers back into camp, the joy of all can easily be imagined.

They were soon ready to resume their journey—all except the poor sick woman; but inasmuch as she despaired of getting any better in a place so wretched and lonely, they decided to set forward, taking their patient with them, and making her as comfortable as the circumstances would allow.

A day or so later they arrived at Belle Prairie, some fifteen miles from Crow Wing, where the Ayers, having recently removed from Red lake, were fitting up a dwelling and boarding school for the children of the natives and incoming settlers. At this point they deemed it necessary to leave Mrs. Fisher and her husband until returning health would permit her to complete the journey.

At Crow Wing the remaining members of the com-

pany exchanged the tiresome wagons for canoes, by means of which they continued their journey up the Mississippi to Cass lake. There at length they were greeted with undisguised joy and gladness by the little band left in charge of the Mission, who had long and patiently awaited the arrival of the absentees.

The first Sabbath following their return to the scene of their former labors, Mr. Barnard called the Indians together, and out of a full heart—saddened by the loss of one of their number in the east—addressed them from the third chapter of the gospel of St. John. Earnestly he sought to enforce upon their consciences the necessity of being born “from above;” and with more than his wonted tenderness told them of the Father’s compassionate love and pity for all mankind. And as those dusky children of the forest sat listening to the gracious messages of the gospel, the faithful missionary was led to feel that they had never appeared “so attentive to the gospel before.”

The Sabbath which fell on the fourteenth of August, is described as a memorable one; as then the missionaries were privileged to receive into their Christian fellowship a native convert, by baptism and the public profession of his faith, in connection with the administration of the Lord’s supper.

The names of the newly-arrived missionaries were also added to the roll of communicants; and at the same time Revs. Adams, Spencer, and their wives, were dismissed in the prospect of their forming a new station at lake Winnebegoshish in the near future. They were to be accompanied by the interpreter Tanner and his wife who had recently came to Cass lake; while the Barnards, assisted by the Fishers, were to continue in charge of the mission at Cass lake.

One day, some weeks later, a little Indian boy came

running into the house while the missionaries were at their dinner, excitedly exclaiming that "a big canoe" was coming up the lake. All immediately hastened forth to greet the incoming strangers, when to their great joy, as they drew near to the shore, they recognized the sun-browned faces of their late deserted friends, the Fishers. Hardly waiting for them to land they made haste to bid them welcome—to their hearts and humble home, as well as to a share in their abundant toils in their Master's ripening vineyard.



XXII.

DISPERSION OF THE "OBERLIN BAND."

The work as already in part described at Red, Cass, and the neighboring lakes, was maintained with varying degrees of success for some years longer; until, in 1857, the society under whose auspices the missionaries had labored discontinued its work. They then went different ways: some into the Government schools; and some into other mission fields, both north and south.

The labors of this "Oberlin band" among the lakes and forests of northern Minnesota during those earlier years have been thus summarized by one of its oldest and most faithful workers, Rev. S. G. Wright:

The Mission was first located at Red lake in the autumn or early winter of 1842 by the Rev. Frederick

Ayer and Mr. D. B. Spencer. The other laborers—all of Oberlin college—were as follows:

From 1843, Rev. Alonzo Barnard and wife	10 Yrs.
" " Dr. Wm. Lewis and wife	10 "
" " Mr. P. O. Johnston and wife	10 "
" " Rev. Sela G. Wright	40 "
1844, Mr. O. A. Coe and wife	22 "
" " Mrs. S. G. Wright	5 "
1846, Rev. A. B. Adams and wife	6 "
" " Mrs. D. B. Spencer	7 "
1849, Mr. J. S. Fisher and wife	10 "
" " Mr. Francis F. Spees	12 "
1851, Mr. Laferty	11 "
" " Mr. Carver	7 "

—Twenty-one workers in all—including Rev. Ayer and wife and Mr. Spencer, the founders of the Mission—went forth at different times and for varying periods of service to supply the mission at Red lake and the neighboring regions, during the ten years extending from 1842 to 1852;—all of whom received their preparation and missionary impulse within the walls of their *alma mater*.

The periods of labor performed by this pioneer band amounted to an aggregate of more than *two hundred* years. Yet not one of the entire number received *any salary*. They received clothing and such implements as were necessary for the cultivation of the soil; but they built their own houses in the forest, and raised all their own food—much of which they shared with their Indian neighbors.

And what were the results? First of all, perhaps, was the removal of a vast amount of prejudice from the minds of the natives in regard to the whites. Thus from their corrupting associations with ungodly traders and hunters they had received the impression that all white people are bad—all liars and dishonest. But from long

and close association with these who had come seeking, at great toil and sacrifice, only to do them good, they had come to think far otherwise. And thus the chief hindrance to their successful evangelization was removed.

Another result was that they all learned to work in the field; and thus their respect for honest toil, so essential to the development and independence of any race, was permanently instilled. Their respect for women was also accordingly raised. They changed their mode of dress, and adopted many of the habits of civilized life—not excepting, it must be confessed, some of the *vices* as well.

But best of all, and this was the object the missionaries ever had upermost in their minds, the people to whom they ministered were made familiar with the gospel—both by precept and example. Moreover the preaching of this gospel resulted in the conversion of considerable numbers of various stations—in transformed lives, and in the promise of still larger results in the after years. Among the converts there were in some cases quite as remarkable developments of Christian character as could anywhere be found. Indeed a brief account of the truly Christian lives and triumphant deaths of these new converts from paganism, would make a volume of wonderful interest to the devout student of Missions.

From the very first the misionaries were very careful whom they would receive as candidates for baptism. All were carefully instructed in regard to the nature and obligation of the ordinance. No attempt was at first made to baptize and gather into church relations; the whole burden being to preach "Christ and Him crucified," as the only ground of salvation to those who believe.

Thus the voluntary labors of these early missionary pioneers explains the fact that when some years later, Bishop Whipple of the Episcopal church took up the work among them, he found a people already prepared

for baptism; and large numbers were thereby speedily gathered into the fold. The work among the Ojibways who remained upon their reservations in northern Minnesota after the great outbreak in 1862, now passed entirely into their hands. They had previously opened a mission at Gull lake in 1853, which on account of bad treatment at the hands of drunken Indians, they were compelled to abandon. The Bishop began his work at White Earth in 1860; and thro the faithful and self-denying labors of Rev. J. B. Gilfillan and others, afterward extended it to Red, Cass, and Winnebegoshish lakes—and during the summer of 1879-81, to Leech lake also. At each of these points chapels were built, and large numbers of those who had been instructed by the earlier Oberlin missionaries, were baptized and gathered into the Church. And thus again was the saying of the Lord verified: "One soweth and another reapeth."*

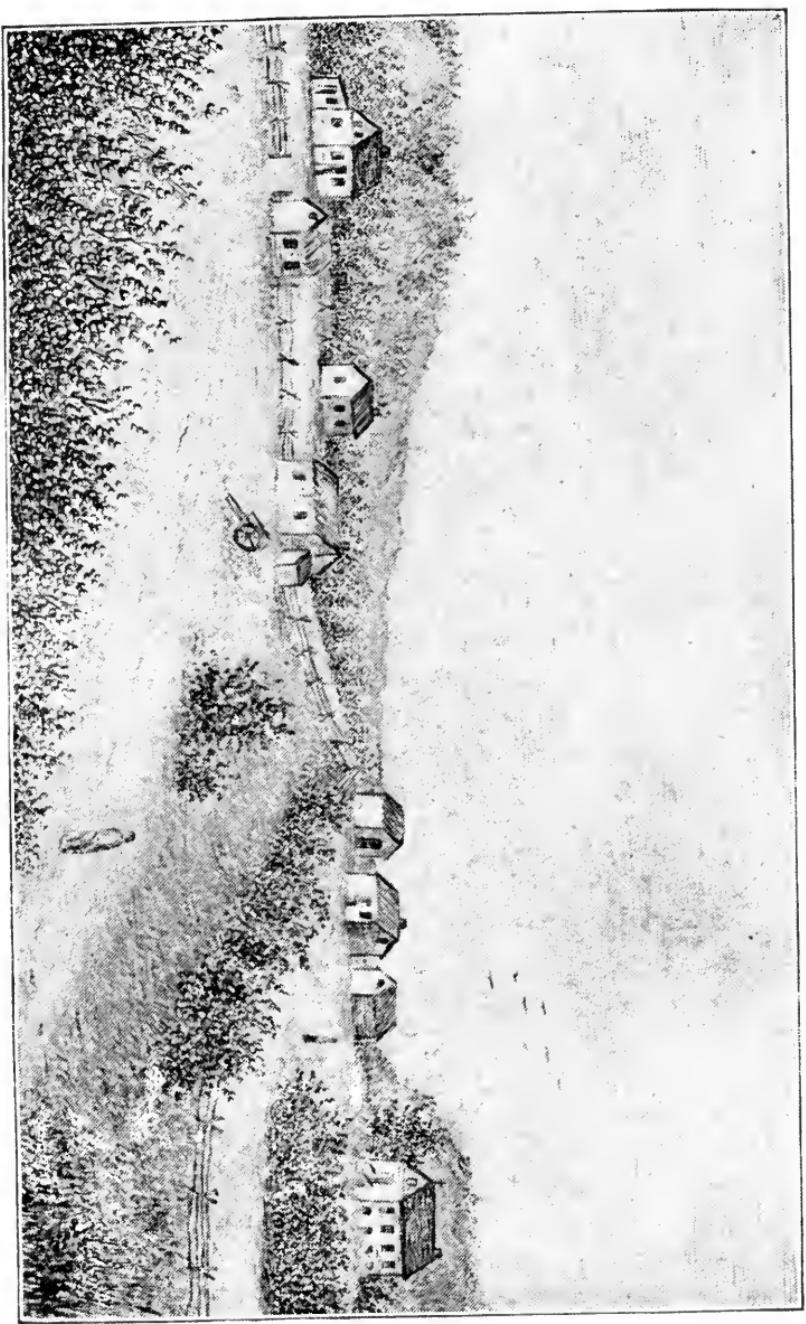
The now venerable Mr. Wright, after spending the greater portion of a long life in missionary labors amid the northern forests, has this to say in regard to his own experiences and estimate of the work to which he was so fully devoted:

"As I review those years of labor and think of the severe toil, especially of the earlier ones, laboring as we did for fourteen hours a day in clearing and cultivating the ground; or in making perilous journeys—sometimes camping out in the forest at night in the awful cold when the mercury stood at forty degrees and more below zero; or in the heat of summer, when the mosquitoes were a perpetual torment, both day and night; in short when I recall the trials and perils by land and water in those early days, I am gratefully reminded of the words of the Psalmist, 'He shall give His angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.'

*(See note at end of this chapter.)

"But," he adds, "Whatever the trials we had to undergo, I do not remember having heard one word of complaint on account of the privations or toil. I am sure that all felt it a blessed privilege to be permitted to preach the 'unsearchable riches of Christ' among those perishing ones. And now," feelingly concludes this noble veteran of the cross, "after forty-seven years spent in the service of my heavenly Master, it would give me joy inexpressible to be set back to early manhood once more, in order that I might re-engage in the missionary work as of yore. I covet the *privilege* of our young people of the present generation of giving their whole lives to this most sacred cause, knowing as I do, how blessed it is to be wholly engaged therein."

NOTE. "Shortly after the Indian outbreak in 1862, the large majority of the Indians were removed from Minnesota to other reservations in Nebraska and the two Dakotas. Bishop Whipple's influence was the means of retaining several large bands among whom he had worked on the reservations in Minnesota; while the missionaries of the other denominations—mostly Presbyterian—who had done all the pioneer work among them, such as reducing the language to writing, translating the Scriptures, hymns, etc., followed their charges to their new reservations or engaged in other spheres of labor. And this explains how the religious work among the remaining Indians in northern Minnesota has come to be carried on almost wholly by the Episcopalians at the present time."



As Walhalla Appeared in 1860

Early Missions in North Dakota

◎

Story of

The Martyrs of Walhalla

◎

BOOK TWO

XXXIII.

A FRONTIER TRADING POST.

A year or so after Mr. Barnard's return from the east, there came to him what he interpreted to be a "Macedonian call" from the regions beyond—far out on the borders of Manitoba. The interpreter, Tanner, having left Winnebegoshish, had gone thither to visit some of his people living in the vicinity of Pembina; and had sent back a gloomy report of the great moral destitution of the country lying along the Pembina river, together with an eloquent appeal for help in view of the exceptional opportunities awaiting the labors of the self-denying missionary who might be found willing to enter in with him and share in the harvest of precious souls.

Moreover, from Governor Ramsey and the trader Kittson came friendly overtures in regard to the importance of opening a Protestant mission at St. Joseph—

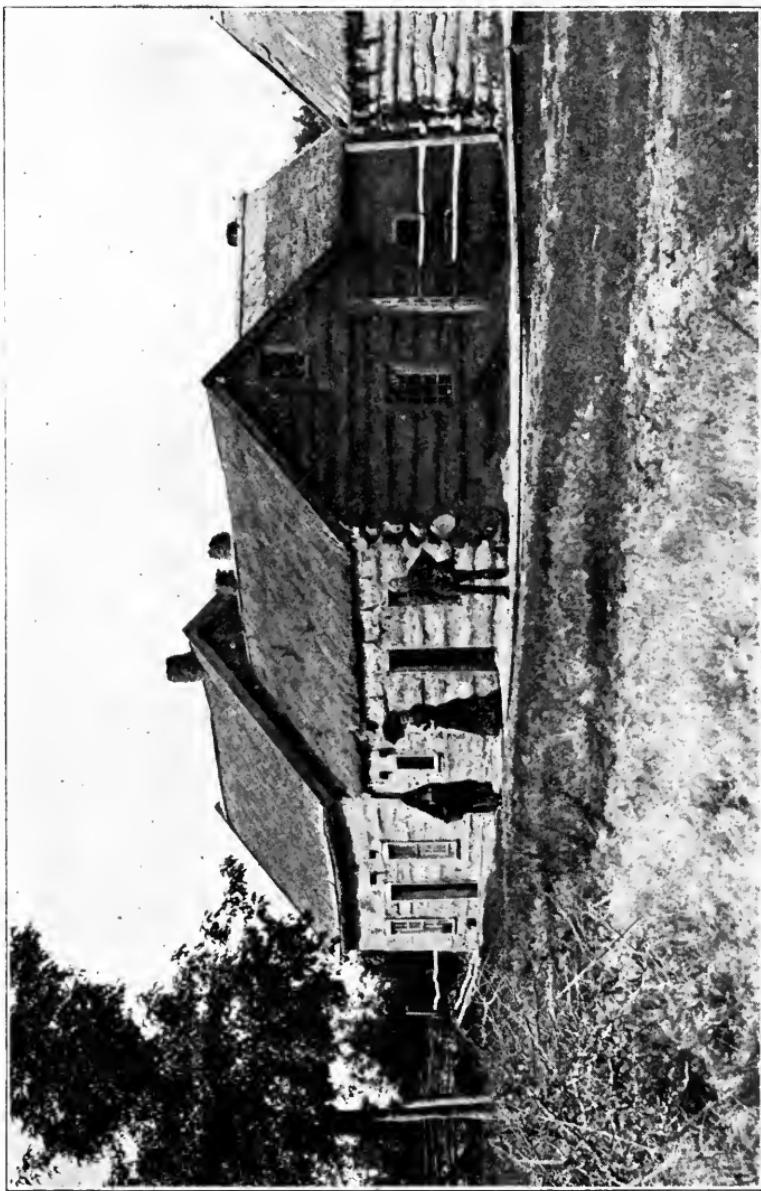
some thirty miles west of Pembina—where a flourishing R. C. Mission had already been planted.

The place, afterward known as Walhalla, had already attained a position of considerable importance as the center of a large trade with the Indians. Its founder, Fr. G. A. Belcourt, was a French priest who had during a number of years previously, labored over an extensive region in western Manitoba; and retiring later to Pembina, had re-organized the R. C. Mission there. In the spring of 1851—remembered long after as the time of the “great flood” he led forth a large colony of French and Indian half-breeds to the higher land at the foot of the Pembina hills, where he established the Mission of St. Joseph and erected a chapel and convent—and also built the first grist mill in northern Dakota.

Thither also the same year the Kittson company removed their large trading establishment from Pembina, which together with the French plant also located in the same vicinity, gave to the place soon after the reputation of being the most important fur emporium to be found on all the northwestern frontier. The trade in buffalo and other skins and furs was enormous—many thousands being annually exported thence to St. Paul in the “Red river carts” of the period, hundreds of which were sometimes counted in a single train.

Indians and hunters of various descriptions resorted thither from regions near and far; and the population—running at times as high as twelve to sixteen hundred souls—was truly a mixed multitude; being made up of Indians, French, and half-breeds, with occasional representatives of various other nationalities, of whom many were not of a sort to raise the credit of their own country.

Such was the field to which the attention of the missionaries at Cass lake had recently been called; and Barnard at length determined to visit the region and learn for



HON. CHAS. CAVILEER'S HOME AND POST OFFICE, PEMBINA, 1850.

himself what its needs and opportunities might really be.

The district was accordingly visited by him, in company with Tanner, early in the summer of 1851. He returned deeply and favorably impressed with the beauty and fertility of the country, and also of the pressing need of a Protestant mission among the many hundreds of godless inhabitants congregating there. He also discerned the opportunity it afforded of extending the gospel along its many divergent and well-worn trails to the various tribes and regions still farther beyond. Filled with the vision of a new sphere of large and wide expanding usefulness, Barnard returned to his Minnesota station in order to complete his plans for the change contemplated. Stopping over night at the old frontier town of Pembina, he assisted Mr. Tanner in conducting what was probably the first Protestant service ever held there; the first also in the two Dakotas, of which any record has been preserved.

It was not, however, until nearly two years later—the spring of 1853—that the Barnards were at liberty to carry out their long-cherished purpose of opening a mission station at St. Joseph. But the interpreter, Tanner, remained meanwhile at Pembina, and continued to labor zealously among his own people in the vicinity; and was during that time the only known representative of the Protestant faith in all that region.

He at last, profoundly impressed with the religious needs of his people, and desiring to enlist a larger interest in the work on their behalf, resolved to make an extended tour for that purpose thro the eastern states. He accordingly proceeded as far as to New York and Washington; and coming thither fresh from his wild and native west, his earnest manner and unaffected eloquence in presenting the condition and moral destitution of his people, awakened great interest in the man and his mission wherever he chanced to go.

While in the east he was led to connect himself with a wealthy Baptist society; and was appointed by them as their missionary for the Pembina region; and was therefore, doubtless, the first Protestant missionary appointed to labor in northern Dakota. When he returned, early in the spring of 1852, he spent a brief season with his former associates at Cass lake; and was accompanied by a young man from St. Paul, Elijah Terry, whom he had induced to enlist with him in his mission along the banks of the Pembina.

The following account of the hardships and trials encountered by them before reaching their destination at St. Joseph, has been furnished by the Hon. Chas. Cavaleer, a personal friend of the senior missionary:

"They traveled with dogs and sledges. The winter of that year ran well into April; the whole month of March was a terror, with the mercury going to the bottom of the tube nearly every night. The snow was also very deep, and the roads unbroken. Young Terry gave out; then the dogs; and death from cold and starvation stared them in the face. This was several miles before reaching the timber where they intended to camp for the night.

"The dogs could not draw him further; nor could his companion carry him. So wrapping him in a buffalo robe, Tanner left him lying in the snow, while he hurried on to make the encampment and return for his burden. In reaching the river, making the encampment and caring for the dogs, fully four hours were consumed. It was already dark when he returned to find his companion quietly sleeping in the snow. He had great difficulty in awaking him. Talking to him and shaking him appeared to do no good. Terry begged to be let alone; protesting in his delirium that he 'was already beside a good warm fire, was entirely comfortable, and did not wish to go out again in the cold.'

"Seeing that milder means were unavailing, Tanner quickly decided upon a method of treatment more heroic. Accordingly a few vigorous applications of his moccasin to his back, with a series of smart cuffs about his head and ears began to bring him to his senses. A continuance of the same a little longer finally brought him to his feet indignant; and with the blood now thoroly warmed and freely circulating thro his body, he was soon restored both physically and mentally.

"But how to get him to the camp was still a perplexing problem, as he was yet too weak to walk. But Tanner was a giant in strength; and quietly wrapping the vanquished hero in his robes, as a mother her child, he flung him over his shoulder and strode with his burden into the camp. Having laid him safely down before the fire, and administered a few cups of strong tea, he soon had his patient comfortably revived and put snugly to bed. If his dreams that night were not more pleasant than those he had enjoyed on the prairie they were more *sane*; and when he awoke the next morning his appetite would have reflected honor upon a starving Indian!"

XXIV.

TANNER AND TERRY AT ST. JOSEPH.

Immediately following the arrival of these first Protestant (Baptist) missionaries for northern Dakota, they began the erection of a small log dwelling on the bank of the Pembina river some miles below the site of the R. C. Mission of St. Joseph. Then in order to secure some needful supplies, they made a trip to the Red river settlement. Here young Terry made the acquaintance of an estimable young lady, a daughter of one of the Selkirk settlers; and it was arranged that they would be united in marriage the ensuing fall.

Cheered by this new hope of a home and a loving helper in his future labors, young Terry and his companion returned to St. Joseph, and at once entered upon the construction of a larger log building intended for school purposes. But, alas, the good work thus hopefully

planned and ardently entered upon, was not destined to be realized. For only a month or so later, while the youthful missionary was engaged in preparing for his noble enterprise—full of hope for the future, and expecting soon to enter upon his chosen work of teaching the benighted natives of that dark region the knowledge of his savior—he was suddenly stricken down and his earthly plans and prospects forever frustrated.

From the details of his tragic death furnished by his associate to a brother of the murdered man, and printed in the Walhalla "Mountainer," the following statements have been recently gleaned:

Taking up his ax one fine morning (June 28, 1852), and accompanied by a neighborly Frenchman, Terry proceeded into the woods a short distance away, in order to get out some timbers for their new school building. He was in advance of his companion, singing some strains of a familiar hymn, when, from a clump of bushes close by, they were suddenly fired upon by a party of Sioux Indians concealed there. Terry turning to his comrade with an exclamation of pain, fell upon his face to the ground. Instantly the savages brandishing their hatchets and scalping knives, rushed upon their fallen victim "like a pack of hungry wolves upon a lamb."

The Frenchman succeeded in making his escape, and gave the alarm to his associates in the village a couple of miles away. Hurrying to the scene of the tragedy with a company of armed half-breeds, Tanner found his fallen comrade lying upon his face with his left arm under his forehead. Two arrows were sunken deep in his body, while a third was lying on the ground close by. A bullet hole was in his left arm, breaking it near the shoulder; and a deep cut appeared just back of his left ear. Hatchet marks and bruises were also found upon his back; while a large piece of his scalp had been hastily

removed and carried away—a trophy of savage hate.

Taking up the poor mangled form, Tanner and his party conveyed it in a cart to the house; after which it was prepared for burial. The following morning the body of the young martyr was borne to the grave in a corner of the Catholic cemetery, followed by a sorrowful company. At the grave Mr. Tanner conducted a brief but solemn service over the mortal remains of his departed friend, before committing to its native earth the lifeless clay.

And thus sadly terminated, almost at its beginning, this earliest attempt to plant a Protestant Mission among the native and half-breed population in "the land of the Dakotas."

After the death of his young colleague, Tanner went back east to collect funds to enable him to continue his work at St. Joseph, but altho he was back and forth several times thereafter, the mission was never resumed under the same auspices.

From St. Joseph he went to the Red river settlement in Manitoba. He did not, however, locate in any particular place; but continued to move about as an itinerant, "doing all the good he could wherever he went." After the Riel rebellion of 1864, in which however he took no active part, he started up the Assinaboine river to visit one of his brothers. He was killed on the way thither by being accidentally thrown from a wagon by a frightened team; and was afterwards found lying by the roadside dead. Thus suddenly, and unattended at the last by human companionships, he passed out of this world of change and unrest to one of endless peace and felicity. Meanwhile his slumbering dust, in an unmarked grave somewhere along the banks of the lonely Assinaboine, awaits the resurrection morn.

Tanner is described by one who knew him well, as "a

really remarkable man. Reared among the Indians, and influenced by the pernicious views and customs prevalent among the inhabitants of the border districts, he was prior to his conversion a powerful and notorious character. He was stout and well built, and a perfect giant in strength. Tho gentle and kind when sober, he would terrorize an entire village when frenzied with rum.

He possessed a magnificent figure, was a fluent speaker, and manifested considerable intellectual ability. He was especially gifted in prayer." "I think," adds his biographer,* "that the Bible was the only book he ever read. If I asked for information on any subject in that book, he would immediately give the chapter and verse bearing upon it, and if necessary would repeat the entire passage from memory. Indeed a better Bible scholar I never knew. . . At Pembina he lived neighbor to me all one winter (1850-1); and often at his time for family prayer during those long winter evenings, I used to join them in their family devotions. He would read a chapter of the Bible and comment upon it in the most beautiful, simple and sensible language I ever listened to; and a more forcible prayer than his I am sure I never heard. At times I was led to feel like the Roman governor before Paul—almost persuaded to be a Christian."

*Hon. Chas. Cavaleer.



Elijah Terry

XXV.

ARRIVAL OF THE CASS LAKE MISSIONARIES.

Altho the work at St. Joseph had been unfortunately arrested by the untimely death of the young Baptist missionary Terry, others were being prepared to pass thro a similar trial and martyrdom on the same historic site the following year. Mr. Barnard, whose previous plans had been anticipated by the Baptist missionaries, perceived that the way was now open to make the removal contemplated by him fully two years before.

Accordingly the last day in May (1853) marked the date of the arrival at St. Joseph of a little caravan of travel-worn pilgrims from the east. It consisted of a party of white men and their families; who with their household goods and utensils had been conveyed thither in the rude pony carts of those pioneer days. In response to the curious gaze and eager questionings of

some of the natives, it was learned that they had not come thither for barter, nor in order to join any of the large hunting expeditions being formed at this season of the year to scour the great westward plains for the buffalo; but poor, lonely and unheralded, they had come to raise again the fallen standard of the Cross as the ambassadors of One whose kingdom is not of this world, and who, while He dwelt among men, had not where "to lay His head."

The little company consisted of the missionaries Barnard and Spencer and their wives and little ones, and "a godly old man," John Smith from southern Ohio. For some ten years they had labored among the Indians in northern Minnesota; and it was not without some regret—and anxious forebodings as well—that they had decided to exchange the long familiar and endeared associations of their lake and forest home for the wild and lawless scenes of this remote and turbulent frontier trading post.

The distance covered in the journey was nearly three hundred miles. From their station at Cass lake they came by birch bark canoes as far as to Red lake; where, having completed their outfit, and parting—some of them forever in this world—from tried and valued friends, they proceeded for a hundred miles further down the Red lake river until they reached the well-known crossing of the old "Pembina trail," not far from the site of the present city of Crookston. At this point in their journey the canoes were reluctantly exchanged for the large two-wheeled carts of the country, in which they proceeded slowly down the valley to Pembina—and thence to their destination at St. Joseph.

It was the most lovely season of the year in those northern latitudes. All nature seemed new-born. The vast unbounded prairies were being newly clad in a man-

tle of glorious green, modestly decked with a charming variety of fresh spring flowers. Wild fowl were abundant; and the evening twilight as well as earliest dawn were fairly jubilant with the notes of lark and bob-o-link, and with the shouting and drumming of the native grouse. Gophers were whistling and running, or standing on tip-toe, to greet their neighbors or view the passing strangers. Occasionally a lone prairie wolf, fox or startled fawn would be sighted; while seldom out of view in the distance were vast dark-moving herds of buffalo, leisurely grazing upon their accustomed meadows.

Perhaps the only sounds discordant with nature's voices were the ceaseless groaning and squealing of the un-oiled wooden cart wheels—drowning the hum, but not preventing the annoyance of never-wearying clouds of mosquitoes.

Inasmuch as the "Red river cart," so generally in use in this region in the early history of the country, has now well-nigh passed out of existence, we may be pardoned for inserting a somewhat particular description of it here:

"It was a peculiar structure built after the pattern of the Normandy peasant carts, and suggestive of its French origin. It consisted of a light frame rack made of poles—the two longer ones extending forward so as to serve the purpose of shafts for the ox or pony to be hitched therein. This frame was mounted upon an axle connecting the two enormous wheels. These were broad in the rim for running over the spongy places in the tough prairie sod; and long in the spokes, in order to carry their burden safely above the swamps and flooded 'coulees.' They were also much 'dished,' so that when necessary they could be strapped together, and, when covered with a raw hide, made to serve the important purpose of a raft in crossing the larger streams.

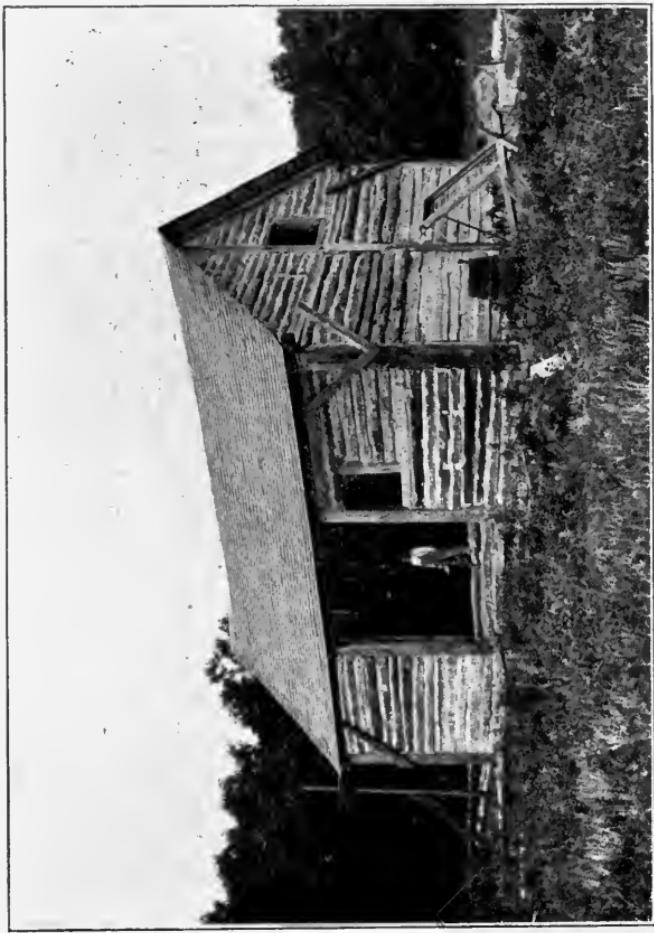
"The whole contrivance was made of wood—with

never a bit of iron; and therefore the owner was seldom at a loss for the materials with which to repair or supply a broken or worn-out part. The axles were never greased; and hence the little 'cherubs' often carried in the bottom of the vehicle, never lacked for music while crossing the dreary plains—the constant screeching of the wheels usually rending the air long distances away."

Of course such conveyances made no allowance for the ordinary frailties of the human frame. It was made for hard use only; and was in no wise restful to weary limbs and aching nerves. Such, however, were the well-nigh universal modes of travel over the rude pioneer trails of the country much less than half a century ago. And where those homely vehicles once crept screechingly along in trains of half a hundred or more on their way to the central mart in St. Paul, today scarcely the fragment of a spoke or felloe of the same can anywhere be found. These have all been replaced in these progressive days by the many modern carriages of varying sizes and patterns, heralding the changed conditions and the more fastidious demands of an ever-advancing civilization.

When the travel-worn company arrived at St. Joseph, they were cordially welcomed by their generous friend, Kittson; who hospitably placed at their disposal, until better accommodations could be provided, a portion of one of his large store buildings—a remnant of which is still standing and used as a livery barn. And thus with the summer's beautiful dawn the newly-arrived missionaries proceeded to unpack their meager stores and adjust themselves to their new and strange surroundings.

At least two of the articles brought with them from their former station are worthy of more than a passing notice here. One was an old-time melodeon, purchased by Mr. Barnard in New York in 1848, and brought by various means of conveyance to Cass lake the following



KITTSON TRADING POST, 1850.

summer. It was one of the earliest inventions of its kind, the bellows being worked with the left elbow instead of by pedals as now. After the death of his wife he took it to the Red river settlement, where it still remains in the family of one of the worthy settlers there—an interesting heirloom and relic of those early days, and doubtless one of the very first instruments of the kind ever brought into the northwest.

Another interesting article which the missionaries brought with them at this time was a complete portable printing press. It had been obtained in Cincinnati the same year mentioned above, and was the gift of Oberlin students. It is described as "of unique pattern, with frame and legs of wrought iron; and was one of several that had been built as compact as possible, and designed for use on shipboard on a trip around the world."

Mr. Barnard brought it with him also on his return from Ohio in the summer of 1849; and it was first set up at Cass lake and used in connection with the work of the mission there. From there it was conveyed to St. Joseph, and set up for a time; but after the abandonment of the mission there, it was taken to the Selkirk settlement, and was probably the first printing press ever brought into Manitoba. Passing later into the hands of his friend, Dr. Schultz, afterward governor of the province—it was employed in printing the "*Norwester*," which was the first newspaper ever printed in all the vast territory northwest of St. Paul.

How interesting it is to reflect—in view of the multiplication of vastly superior presses now in use, and of the ever-increasing flood of printed matter constantly issuing therefrom, throughout this now populous region—that of *all* these, the crude little iron hand press, brought into the country and employed by a humble missionary among the heathen, was the first and actual pioneer.*

*Appendix "C."

XXVI.

SAD DEATH OF MRS. BARNARD.

Thro the influence of Gov. Ramsey and others, a grant of \$500 was obtained from the government civilization fund to aid in the establishment of a school at St. Joseph; and the missionaries immediately commenced operations preparatory to the erection of suitable buildings for dwellings and school.

A beautiful spot was selected adjoining a small poplar grove just east of the village, which soon presented a scene of considerable activity. The buildings were pushed along with vigor; but before they were ready for occupation Mrs. Barnard's long over-taxed strength finally gave way, and it became necessary for her husband to accompany her to the Selkirk settlement in the hope of obtaining for her there the medical aid now so urgently demanded. So leaving their four young children—the eld-

est scarce seven years of age—in the care of Mrs. Spencer, the sad pilgrims set out in the closing days of autumn in their rude pony cart, for the settlement nearly one hundred miles to the north.

The sorrowful forebodings of that fond mother heart can be more easily imagined than described, as she clasped her questioning little ones to her heart and kissed them a tender farewell, realizing how uncertain might be the time—and possibly the fact itself—of her return.

The journey over the lonely unbounded plain, with naught to break the dull silence, save the shrill voices of the few belated insects and the ceaseless creaking of the old cart wheels as they slowly rolled over the dead autumn grass, was long enough for the enfeebled nerves of the weary invalid.

A few days of carting and camping served to convey the exhausted patient and her anxious husband to the old Scotch settlement of Kildonan, where at the humble home of one of the settlers they received a most kindly and sympathetic welcome. Here the invalid wife was shown every attention which the experienced physician of the Hudson's Bay company, and the loving care of her husband and the sympathizing neighbors could possibly provide; but the dread disease of "quick consumption," having fastened its fatal hold upon its victim, it soon became only too apparent that she had already passed beyond the reach of earthly medical skill.

Finding recovery hopeless, her one remaining wish was that she might be carried back to the yet unfinished home at St. Joseph, in order that she might be permitted to breathe her life out there, amid the scene of her former hopes and labors and with her darling little ones around their mother's bedside.

Accordingly they hastened to set out on the return journey without any unnecessary delay. The weather

was growing ominous; and the evening of the first night out was ushered in by a fierce autumnal gale, against which the thin cloth tent on the unsheltered plain was scarcely a sufficient protection for the dying woman. To add to the discomfiture of the invalid and of her heart-broken husband as well, the small bottle of medicine which had been provided for such an emergency, had unfortunately been broken on the way; and the half-breed attendant had to be dispatched to the settlement for another one. Painfully and alone, so far as human aid was concerned, they awaited his return; and all the dreary night long, while the wolves were heard in the distance, and the wild arctic winds were searching the thin canvass of the little tent, the poor sufferer lay shivering in her husband's arms, moaning constantly. "Hold me closer—oh, hold me closer!"

So weak was she when the man at last returned with the medicine, that the further completion of the journey was deemed wholly impossible; the only alternative being to turn back, and in the face of the storm endeavor to reach the settlement before the end should come.

Arriving there at last, among kind friends—but far from her hapless children—this devoted servant of Christ, after a few more days of weariness and pain, surrendered the remnant of her precious life to God—"the result of ten long years of exposure and suffering for the good of the poor Indian."

A rude coffin was made, and her remains were temporarily deposited in the old Kildonan cemetery—the bereaved husband, in the absence at the time of any other minister, conducting the brief, sad service, in committing the body to its kindred clay. Then remembering the little motherless ones still at St. Joseph, anxiously awaiting for the return of the absent parents, he hastened to set out thither to break to them the sad tidings of the removal of

the beloved one to a house not built by human hands, in a country where sickness, storms, sorrow and death are forever unknown.

When about midway on his journey, late in the afternoon of that sad October day, Mr. Barnard descried afar on the prairie a tiny speck slowly approaching. As it drew nearer he at last recognised a forlorn-looking pony cart, which later revealed the eager distressed faces of his poor children. They had somehow learned of their mother's inability to reach their home, and had been permitted to set out—under the care of a faithful half-breed attendant—in the hope of once more beholding the beloved one before the death angel should forever seal her eyes.

The meeting of the bereaved father and children on the bleak prairie, need not be described; but the first sobbing inquiry that greeted the heart-broken parent was, "Oh, papa, *is mamma dead?*" It would indeed be difficult to imagine a more sad and pathetic scene than that presented by the little sorrowful group as they pitched their tents on the wild Manitoba plain that autumn night; and after listening to the broken story of their dear mother's closing hours, of her loving messages, and of her ungratified longing to see and kiss them all a last farewell, their young hearts bled again; and sobbing themselves to sleep, the sorrow of their irreparable loss was for a time forgotten.

But the poor little pilgrims were found to be both hungry and cold, as well as weary and sad. Winter was at hand; and the cold arctic wave had frozen the streams; and unfortunately their attendant had caused a leak in the kettle while trying to break the ice for water—thus leaving them without the means for making their tea.

With his little company of mourners, Mr. Barnard now retraced his journey to the settlement; and after the

streams were well bridged with ice, preparations were made for removing the precious remains to St. Joseph. For such had been her unwavering confidence in the continuance of the Mission, that she had made it her dying request to be buried in the little "poplar grove" in the corner of the mission premises, where on Sabbath afternoons her children might often visit their mother's grave.

The plain, home-made casket having therefore been exhumed and placed in a cart in charge of a faithful half-breed, a second cart was provided for the bereaved family; and thus, on the last day of November, the sorrowing company parted from their kind Kildonan friends to seek again the broken home at St. Joseph.

When far out on the wintry plain they were met by the trader Kittson, it is not strange that the strong frontiersman was well-nigh unmanned by the pitiful spectacle; and grasping the hand of the calm but sorrowing missionary, he exclaimed, with a genuine pathos in his manly voice, "Mr. Barnard, I wish I, too, were a *Christian!*" Truly a noble and touching tribute, from a man immersed in the traffic of the wild frontier, and seeking only the empty riches of this present world, to the soul-constraining power of a genuine Christian life.

It may be remarked here, that this man of noble and generous impulses—afterward one of the merchant princes of St. Paul—never lost his profound esteem for his humble missionary friend; and it is believed that the last letter he ever penned, while on his way home from New York, before his sudden death, was one which he addressed to Mr. Barnard expressing the kindest interest in his comfort and welfare.

It was on the third day of December, at the very beginning of an arctic winter, that a mournful company gathered around the open grave that was waiting to receive and conceal forever from their view, the silent form

of their beloved dead. Mr. Spencer, all unaware of the still deeper sorrow destined to overtake him some months later, conducted the brief and simple service, while the tears of the stricken family and friends fell silently upon the frozen clay.

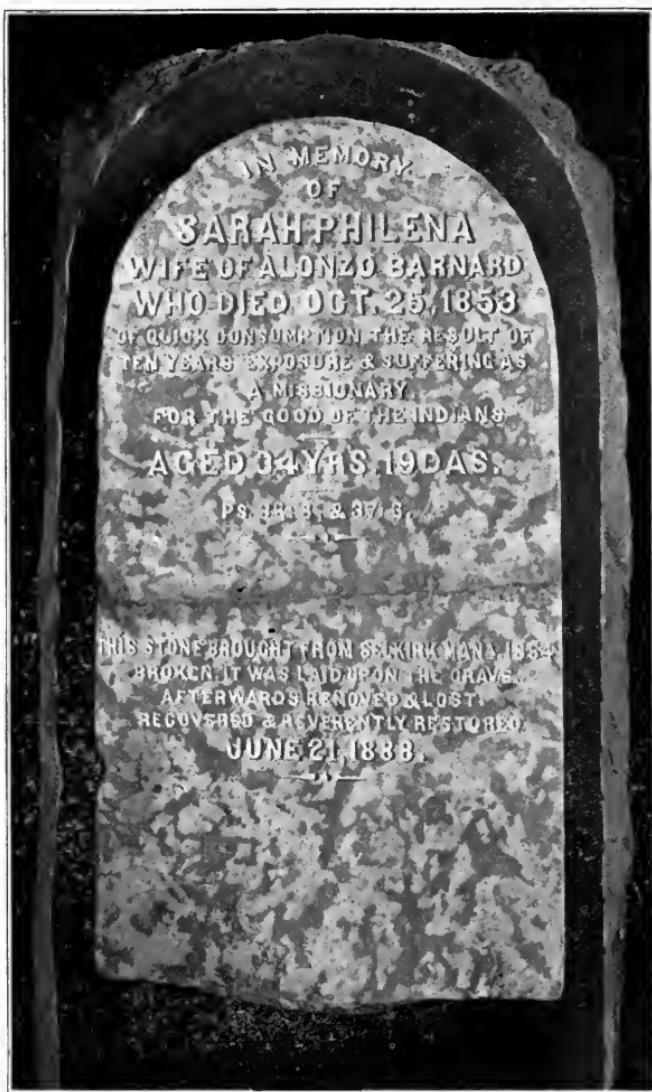
A plain limestone slab, intended to mark the sacred spot, was afterward obtained at the Selkirk settlement; but before it could be set up the following spring, it was unfortunately broken, and upon the occasion of Mr. Barnard's last visit there, the two pieces—still bearing their broken inscriptions of faith and affection—were reverently laid upon the grave—the earliest Christian tombstone ever placed on Dakota soil.



XXVII. DEEPENING SHADOWS.

It was a long and lonely winter that the little Mission band spent in the unfinished and sorrow-stricken home at St. Joseph; and early the following spring Mr. Barnard prepared to take his children east and place them under the care of relatives in Ohio. Good old "father Smith" also accompanied him.

This devoted man, when upwards of sixty years of age, having heard of the work being done in this region, felt called to join the Mission at Cass lake and render such assistance as might lie within the range of his ability. So leaving a good farm in the vicinity of Columbus, Ohio, he went forth at his own charges on his belated but noble mission. He remained with the missionaries for several years, and was of great assistance and comfort to them, especially during the trials thro which



THE BARNARD TOMBSTONE

they were afterward called to pass. Returning with Mr. Barnard to Ohio, he afterward went to Berea, Kentucky; where upon the breaking out of the civil war, he returned to his former home in Ohio; and was soon after called to his heavenly rest.

It is related of "father Smith," as he was familiarly called, that among other supplies brought along with him from Ohio, was a large quantity of *dried apples*; some of which he was accustomed to carry about with him in his ample pockets, in order to attach the little Indian lads to himself and thereby win them ultimately to Christ. And, indeed, his success in this respect was at times quite remarkable. At least one of these little fellows, whom he was in the habit of taking with him apart for prayer, gave every evidence of having been genuinely converted —tho neither could understand the language of the other. The full story of the achievements of such humble self-denying labors will never be known—until "the books shall be opened" at the last day.

The following extract from one Mrs. Spencer's letters to a friend will serve to show the state of affairs at the Mission during the absence of Mr. Barnard. Under date of July 13th, 1854, she says: "Since I last wrote we have as a mission sustained a great loss by reason of the death of our dear sister Barnard last October. It was a bitter cup for me; and brother Barnard feels bereaved indeed. He has taken his poor motherless children to Ohio, where he intends to leave them and return hither in the fall. Father Smith has also gone back with him; so Mr. Spencer and I are left alone to do what we can until help arrives. We design eventually to establish a boarding school here; and with this in view we have taken five little native boys into our family. We have had applications to take others; but I have hesitated to add to

my cares during the warm weather, since I find I cannot endure the extreme heat as I once could.

"With the exception of two or three gentlemen from the States—Mr. Kittson and his clerk, Mr. Chas. Cavalier—all the residents of the place are Roman Catholics. The priest of course opposes our work; altho as a neighbor he is kind and obliging. He has publicly announced that any who send their children to our school, or place them in our family shall be excluded from the Sacrament. From the fact that this does not seem to deter them, we are encouraged to keep on in our work.

"We now have a comfortable house, provided with some 'yankee' conveniences, such as a good cistern-well in a nice cool cellar, etc. Then we have two good cows—all of which are great blessings. The Lord has raised up a very kind friend and helper in the Hon. Mr. Kittson. He is engaged in the fur trade, and resides at this place; altho now absent in the States. We have every reason to believe that the Lord has begun a good work in his heart, and that He will perfect it in his own time and way.

"We have been annoyed a good deal of late by the Sioux Indians—a band of whom have been prowling about our otherwise peaceful village and disturbing the quiet of the inhabitants. The former are at enmity with the Ojibways and half-breeds in this part of the country. The latter formed a party recently and went up on the mountain to see if there were really any Sioux there. They found a number and spoke to them in a peaceable manner; but they answered not, and raised their guns to fire. The half-breeds then fired, and killed three of them. The rest of the party hung around a few days and then departed. It is expected that they will return shortly with re-enforcements to avenge the death of their comrades."-----

"Then," observes Mrs. VanCleve—thro whose kindness a copy of the above letter was obtained—"with a few additional words and loving messages, Mrs. Spencer closed her letter to her friend, a missionary in far-off India. In a few days the Indians did return; and it was no doubt some of their number who fired into that peaceful home and stilled forever the heart that beat so warm and lovingly for her friends, her family, and the poor untaught natives to whom she longed to tell the story of Jesus and His love."

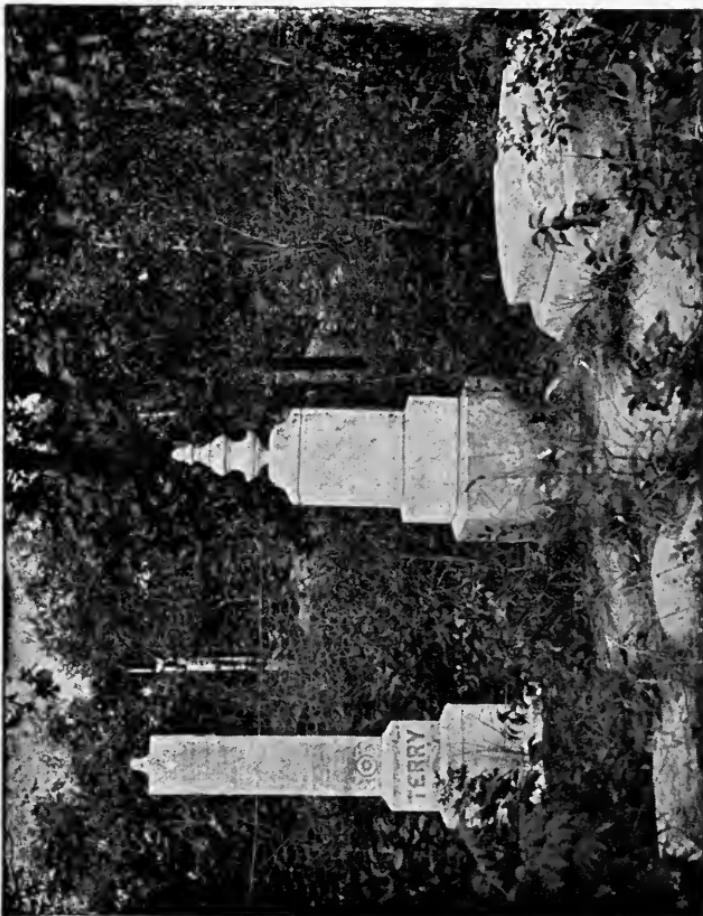
Late in the fall of that same year, Mr. Barnard, while returning from the east, was met at Galena by the sad intelligence of Mrs. Spencer's death at the hands of the Indians. Well-nigh overwhelmed with grief, and alarmed for the safety of the Mission, he hastened forward to the relief of the bereaved family. Arriving at Belle Prairie, about a hundred miles north of St. Paul—where was also the home of his former associates in missionary labors at Red lake—he met Mr. Spencer, who with his now motherless children, was pursuing his sad journey thus late in the season, by ox-cart, to St. Paul.

And here, under the humble but hospitable roof of their friends, these brothers and "companions in tribulation" were strangely permitted to mingle their tears over the sorrows of their common lot. And here, also, the father so recently bereaved, was privileged to consecrate to "the God of missions" by baptism, his infant son; who then received his father's honored name, and also in after years became a minister of the blessed gospel.

Continuing his lonely journey, Mr. Barnard reached the deserted Mission at St. Joseph, just as the winter was closing in. He found the Mission premises empty and dreary indeed; and upon visiting the storm-swept grave of his lamented wife, he saw close beside it another new-made mound.

Here, then—after the long years of patient toil and self-denial for the good of the benighted heathen—these devoted co-workers in the cause of their divine Redeemer, lay calmly resting side by side; while deprived thus early of their mother's tender love and care, their hapless little ones were scattered afar in other homes.





BURIAL LOT OF THE WALHALLA MARTYRS

XXVIII.

A NIGHT OF TERROR.

The details of the deplorable event alluded to in the preceding chapter are more fully given by Mr. Spencer in a letter to his wife's mother—begun by Mrs. Spencer herself, but finished by her grief-stricken husband a few days after her tragic death:

ST. JOSEPH, PEMBINA, Aug. 24th, 1854.

My Dear Mother:

With pleasure I take my pen once more to talk with you while waiting for Mr. Spencer. I have longed for a brief space that I might record the loving-kindness and care of our tender Shepherd. We are all"—(Here Mr. Spencer takes up the pen which his sainted wife had laid down, alas, forever; and, in a strain how different, completes the broken message.)—"Little did either of us imagine, when my dear wife laid down her pen, only a

few days ago, that the melancholy duty would devolve upon me of filling out this now sacred sheet with the recital of her sudden and tragic end. But so it is. Verily we know not what a day may bring forth. A voice from the other world admonishes us to be also ready; for in an hour when we think not, the Son of Man cometh.

"The circumstances are briefly these: On the morning of August 30th, between one and two o'clock, myself and wife arose to attend to the children—the two eldest of whom were sleeping in a trundle bed beside our own. We were preparing to retire; Cornelia being in the act of lying down, while I was about to blow out the light, when the fatal shot came.

"Tho I heard but one report, it is supposed that two (or three) guns were discharged simultaneously, as two balls passed thro the same pane of glass and curtain—which was pierced in four places—and one of the balls passed thro the bed-post. Both balls took effect in the upper part of the breast of my dear wife, and came out at her back,—one taking a downward course thro her lungs.

"Supposing it was but the prelude to a more general attack, my first thought was to barricade the windows; but the boards which I had been accustomed to use were not at hand. Then as I turned toward the bed, I saw for the first time that my dear wife was shot and was falling on the bed. She said nothing except to utter an exclamation at first. At a glance I perceived that the wound was fatal; and ran for a gun, as the only means at hand, to call for help. I fired several shots from the door, which, however, failed of their intended effect.

"Our nearest neighbor, Mr. Tanner, lived about twenty-five rods away; the Indian boys were all asleep upstairs; and the risk was too great to venture outside.

What a scene was that for a husband and father—his beloved companion weltering in her blood; and his children screaming with terror—one of them an infant at her breast, covered with the warm life-blood of its mother!

"I scarcely know how I lived thro that awful night. My first effort was to get the babe asleep and comfort the other children; and in this I succeeded so far as to be able to attend to my poor dying wife. She had by this time recovered in part from her swoon, and had crawled from her bed and was now on the floor. While she lay there, insensible as I supposed, she remarked that the floor was very hard; and I immediately got a feather bed and removed her to that. She lay for nearly three hours after she was shot—perhaps for nearly half that time in an unconscious state and in great bodily suffering.

"She frequently called for water; and always spoke of it as being very grateful to her. She remarked at times, 'I feel so strangely; what is the matter; have I been shot?' This was at first; but afterwards she fully comprehended that she could not hope to live long; and then her thoughts were directed more to the Savior, whose name in ejaculatory prayer was frequently upon her dying lips. At one time she said, 'Tell Anna to love the Savior.' At another time, when I opened the door, she said very earnestly, 'Oh, don't go out—don't go out.' When I asked her if the Savior was precious to her, she replied, 'He is my only hope.'

"Toward the close, she said several times, '*I cannot die.*' At first I did not know in what manner to understand her, not knowing but that it might mean an unwillingness to die; but my mind was relieved soon after when I heard her say, 'O Jesus, if it be thy will, let me die; and oh, give me patience!'

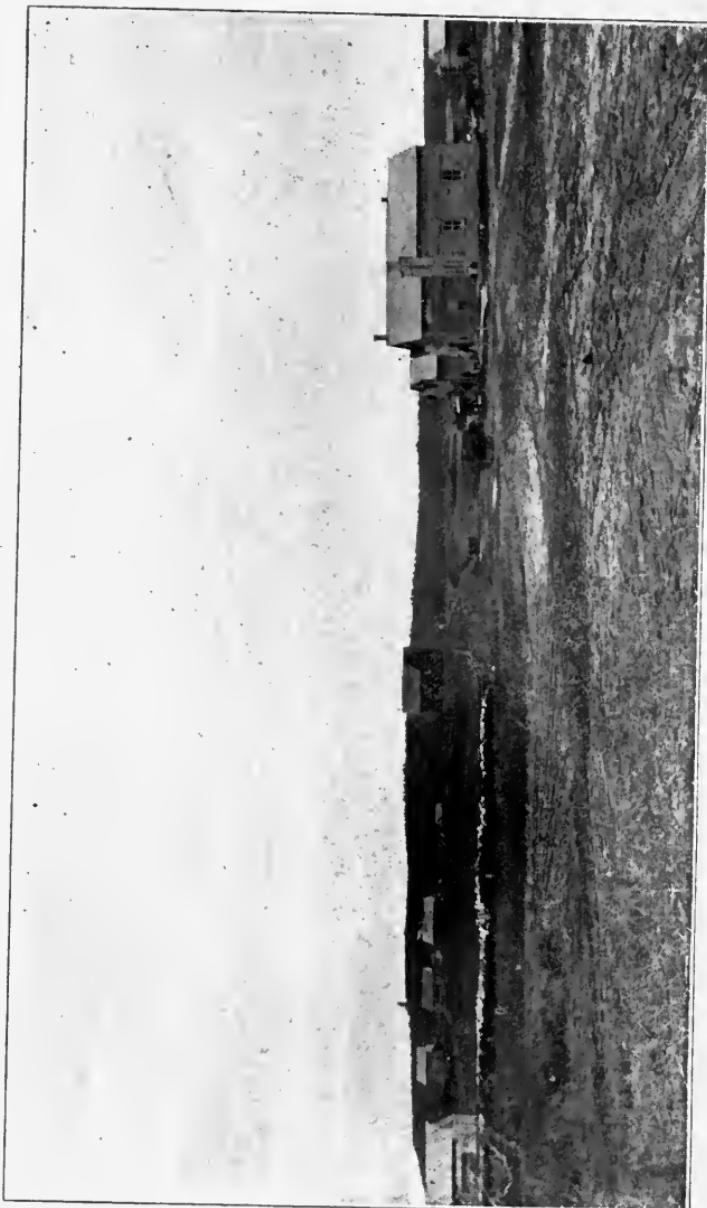
"She was in great agony then; and moved constantly

from side to side, attempting at times to rise. During the last hour she suffered from cold; but just before the close she was more composed, and seemed engaged in communion with the beings of another world. Once I thought I distinguished the words, 'precious Jesus.' This was the last I heard; and soon after her ransomed spirit was, as we have every reason to believe, in that 'happy land' of which she so often loved to sing with the children.

"During the closing scene, the youngest children were asleep, and the eldest were comparatively quiet; so that I could give my entire attention to my poor wife and close her dying eyes. For this melancholy privilege I was profoundly grateful to my heavenly Father, whose grace was sufficient for me in the hour of my sorest need.

"As soon as the day was sufficiently advanced to render it safe to venture out, I locked the door and went for assistance. The neighbors soon collected and were very kind in their attentions—doing everything necessary to be done for the beloved dead. Toward the close of the day, all things being in readiness, with appropriate services conducted by Mr. Tanner, we committed the dear remains to their final resting-place, close beside those of sister Barnard.

"I have no murmuring or repining thoughts; the terrible stroke has touched the apple of my eye and torn from me the dear companion of my life—her upon whom I leaned for counsel, my interpreter, the instructor of our mission boys and the faithful mother of our children. Toward the wretched murderers I have no feeling but those of pity and compassion. I bless God that another saint has gotten safe home to glory; and that the blow has fallen upon one of the very few in this region who we have reason to believe are prepared as yet for an exchange of worlds.



WALHALLA, N. DAK., 1888.

"In regard to the future, I have no plans; nor do I conjecture what designs the Lord may have in respect to me and mine. Until brother Barnard returns, my duty is plain—to stay on the ground, secure the crop, and take care of the mission premises. Then if the season should not be too far advanced, it is possible that it may be thought best to go back to the States this fall with my two eldest children; and I know of no one other than yourself with whom I would be willing to entrust them. They are with me yet; but the babe is being cared for by friends in the village."



XXIX.

DETECTION OF THE MURDERERS.

Some weeks later, Mr. Spencer concluded to return east with his children according to the program intimated in his letter to his wife's mother. Fortunately for him Mr. Kittson being about to start for St. Paul with a large caravan of several hundred carts loaded with furs and buffalo skins, invited the lonely missionary to accompany him thither. Most willingly he accepted the kind invitation, and was soon prepared for the long tedious journey, having engaged the Indian woman who had already been entrusted with the care of the young babe, to accompany them as its nurse until the following spring. Thus they set out for the east, in the rear of the great screeching, babbling caravan of half-breeds and Indians with their stenchey, heavily-loaded carts. The missionary's two little girls were seated with the nurse in

their father's cart; while for the babe, a swing was suspended from the high axle under the body of the same. In this manner it was carried all the way across the plains to St. Paul—a distance of fully four hundred miles.

One evening, relates Mr. Wright, after the caravan had encamped for the night, some of the Chippewa half-breeds wandering out from the camp in search of game, overtook and captured three Sioux Indians, all young men. Some of the party recognized them, and believed them to be the identical persons who were suspected of stealing horses the year before, and very likely the same who fired the shots resulting in the death of Mrs. Spencer.

They were accordingly brought before Mr. Kittson, and a few minutes of searching inquiry settled the fact that they were the guilty men. Mr. Kittson then brought them before Mr. Spencer; and pointing to the little motherless children, told them very plainly what they had done. The men trembled violently, for they expected that the white man whom they had so cruelly wronged would instantly avenge their crime. But instead thereof, the missionary kindly assured them thro an interpreter that they were perfectly safe so far as he was concerned, since he was a *Christian*, and that the Bible—the white man's "book of heaven"—had taught him to forgive his enemies. He then gave them a good talk, shook hands with them, and exhorted them to remember the lesson they had thus been taught.

How much effect this well-meant exhortation afterwards had upon the hardened murderers, may be inferred from the following account, rehearsed quite recently to the writer by the wife of an Indian trader previously located at Devils lake. This woman stated, that when present at a war dance, in 1874, on the shore of the lake—

just twenty years after the murder of Mrs. Spencer—a Sioux Indian, named Chu-i-has-ka, or “long-rib,” took a prominent part in the dance. And among other exploits in which he had proudly figured, he narrated boastfully, in pantomime, how on one occasion at the trader’s village on the Pembina, he and his two companions “stole into the place at midnight; and seeing a light in one of the lonely cabins, they crept stealthily up and tapped (thus) with the muzzles of their guns against the window. Then when a woman, holding a babe in her arm, came and drew the curtain aside to look forth, they all discharged their guns at her heart, and saw her turn and go reeling toward her bed. They thought to take her scalp; but when her husband came to the door and fired to alarm the neighbors, they preferred to seek safety in flight.”

The woman reporting these facts was herself an inmate of the Spencer home at the time of the tragedy—being one of the pupils, and also assisting Mrs. Spencer in the care of the children. She also stated that the Indian who boasted of having committed the deed was, at the time referred to, a well-known character in the vicinity of Devils lake.

When Mr. Barnard returned to the St. Joseph Mission, altho fully purposing to resume his labors there in the spring, the increasing hostilities of the Sioux Indians made it impossible to carry out his plans, and the Mission was soon after abandoned.

This practically terminated the second and final attempt to plant a Protestant mission among the native populations of this most interesting, but unfortunate locality.

About this time (1855) the Roman Catholic Mission under Fr. Belcourt also rapidly declined; and he was shortly afterward transferred from that field—spending the remainder of a long and eventful career on Prince

Edward's Island.

By reason of the repeated ravages of the hostile Sioux, and the later westward movement of the other Indians and their game, this once populous and busy trading post subsequently sank into comparative insignificance and obscurity. Recently, however, the old village has awakened from its long years of slumber by the arrival of the railway and telephone and other attendant signs of an advancing civilization. And with the peaceful invasion of refined and intelligent settlers from the older states, the rejuvenated town of Walhalla is coming to be known, not only as center of much local historic interest, but also as one of our most attractive northern summer resorts.

Should any of my readers chance to visit this interesting locality, they will readily find their way up the neighboring slope, where in the center of the beautiful Protestant cemetery, in a quiet spot over-looking the scene of their former toils and martyrdoms, now peacefully repose the ashes of "the martyrs of Walhalla."



The Spencer Home, Walhalla, 1853
(From a sketch by Miss Ernestine Mager)

**SKETCHES OF
MANITOBA
and
The Great Lone Land**



NOTE. For most of the material found in the following chapters, the author is chiefly indebted to the historical contributions of the Rev. Dr. Bryce of Manitoba college; and also to a paper on "The great lone land," by the Rev. Wm. Mullins, an early missionary on the Manitoba frontier.

—J. P. S.

I.

THE GREAT LONE LAND.

Until a comparatively recent period, the immense region of forest and plain, stretching far westward from the vicinity of the great lakes on the east to the sloping foot-hills and canyons of the Rocky mountains, and northward to the frozen areas bordering the arctic seas, were familiar only to the numerous wild animals and native tribes which from the earliest times were wont to regard this as their ancestral home.

It is a country of great forests, immense lakes, mighty rivers and vast stretches of prairie—diversified with mountains, hills, valleys and rolling plateaus. The soil in many of the river valleys is exceedingly fertile, and capable of producing unlimited quantities of the world's most famous cereals, as well as a great variety of vegetables, and some of the hardier fruits. The climate is

dry and very cold in winter, and hot during the brief summer days;—the nights, however, being always cool, and the atmosphere generally healthful and bracing.

This whole region was formerly very rich in large game, and possessed a great variety of fur-bearing animals. Such large animals as the buffalo, elk, moose, cariboo and many other species of deer and antelope roamed the woods and plains in large numbers; while the smaller game, equally valuable for their fur, such as the bear, wolf, fox, lynx, otter, marten, beaver, mink and muskrat, were also very plentiful, and furnished the natives as well as the hunter and trapper, with an abundance of warm clothing and a variety of excellent food. Fish, also, and waterfowl were everywhere abundant in the numerous lakes and rivers.

The only Europeans at all acquainted with these wild regions a century and more ago, were the early French explorers and missionaries, and the French and Scotch traders connected with the great fur companies operating throughout the vast territory, and which came to be known by them as "the great lone land."

So wild and dreary at all seasons were its remote solitudes, and so intense and relentless the grip of its arctic cold during the long silent nights of its well-nigh interminable winters, that civilized man seldom cared to make a permanent home amid its primeval forests.

The native tribes of the far north—mostly Crees—were of a mild and peaceable disposition, and were allowed to possess their storm-swept hunting grounds in comparative security—no other tribes caring to dispossess them in their high northern latitudes. They were disposed to be friendly toward the white traders with whom they came in contact, and readily entered into commercial relations with them—with questionable advantage to themselves, so far as their native manners were con-

cerned, but resulting in a vast enlargment of the trade in furs and other commodities.

The great rivers and lakes, with their intervening "portages" formed the natural highways of communication between the eastern provinces and the more distant regions of the west and north. Along these ancient water-ways, and time-worn trails over the portages, the early explorer, missionary and trader followed in the track of the native tribes who had so long preceded them in their annual migrations to and from the great game preserves.

The Hudson's Bay company of London, and the Northwest Fur Company of Montreal—organized in 1670 and 1784 respectively—were for a long time the only organized European agencies operating extensively in this wide domain. The former of these—organized nearly two hundred and forty years ago, and still in existence—is doubtless the oldest organization upon the American continent today formed for commercial purposes.

The rival forts and trading posts of these two powerful companies were to be found on all the principal lakes and rivers. Their agents ruled the territory, and gathered their annual harvests from the slaughter of numberless animals; but failed to subdue the soil, clear off the forests, or promote the civilization of the native tribes.

There were three principal highways to the heart of the "great lone land" in the central portion of the continent: These were (1) the pioneer route of the Hudson's Bay company, which was by way of the Hudson's Bay, up the Nelson river and lake Winnipeg to the junction of the Assinaboine with the Red river of the north at old fort Rouge (red)—afterward fort Garry, the site of which is now covered by the metropolitan city of Winnipeg.

The route (2) traversed by the Northwestern Fur

company, was by way of the Ottawa river and lake Superior to the present site of Port Arthur, and thence by what was known as the "Dawson route"—a distance of six hundred miles along the waters of the Rainy lake and river—to lake Winnipeg and the far-reaching streams of the interior.

But perhaps the more popular route (3) was from the head of lake Superior at old Fon du Lac, up the St. Louis and Mississippi rivers, thro the lakes and forests of northern Minnesota to Red lake, and thence by the Red lake and Red rivers, to Pembina and fort Garry.

Prior to 1842 there were several large districts occupied as missionary centers in the great lone land. Without attempting to mention here the heroic and self-denying labors of the early French missionaries, a large and influential Protestant Mission was opened by the Wesleyan Methodist Society of England as early as 1840, among the native Cree Indians in the vicinity of the old Norway House—fully three hundred miles to the northwest of the present city of Winnipeg.

This Mission, stretching over an immense and wildly dreary region, many hundred of miles in extent, was wonderfully prospered under the supervision of its indefatigable and apostolic missionary, the Rev. James Evans—an account of whose remarkable labors and achievements has recently been given to the world in the Rev. J. Egerton Young's fascinating story of "The Apostle of the North."

Shortly after, about 1842, the Church of England sent forth Archdeacon Cowley to open a Mission among the Indians in the vicinity of the Red river settlement. And these two Missions comprised about all that had been thus far attempted by the combined Protestant forces between the head of the Great lakes and the farther borders of the continent.

II.

FOUNDING OF THE RED RIVER COLONY.

It was in the year 1811 that Thomas Douglass, Earl of Selkirk, who had previously taken an active part in locating a colony of Scottish immigrants on Prince Edward's Island, now secured by purchase from the Hudson's Bay company, the proprietary ownership of a vast tract of land in North America, a small portion of which lay along the Red river to the southward of lake Winnipeg.

Here in the vicinity of fort Garry, previously built and occupied by the Hudson's Bay company, and the principal center of their inland trading district, he located a small colony of about one hundred persons, and which was afterward known as the Selkirk, or Red river settlement.

The settlers were chiefly from Sutherlandshire, one of the highland counties of Scotland, from which about this time members of the tenantry were being evicted from their homes and compelled to emigrate elsewhere. It was from this class in the parish of Kildonan, in whom the noble earl had long taken a generous interest, that he gathered his colony to transport across the ocean and locate on his vast estate lying in the most isolated portion of the American continent.

After sailing for nearly three months on the northern seas, they arrived at the coast of Hudson's Bay in the autumn of 1811; where they found it necessary to spend their first winter—far from home and native land, amid the intense cold and many privations, at fort Churchill on the western shore of the bay.

Upon the opening of the spring of 1812 the little colony prepared to set out for their prospective inland home, fully six hundred miles distant. From York factory at the mouth of the Nelson river, they proceeded along that stream for three hundred miles to the Norway house, mid-way from York factory to fort Garry; and from there they crossed over lake Winnipeg and ascended the Red river to its junction with the Assinaboine at fort Garry. These details are given in order that those of a later generation may have some conception of the dangers and difficulties encountered by these hardy pioneers of the north, and why at times "the soul of the people was much discouraged because of the way."

Having reached the end of the long journey, they began to realize, all too keenly, that they were now set down in the wild heart of the continent many hundreds of miles from the nearest city residence of civilized man, and separated from the loved hills of their native Scotland by a mighty and well-nigh impassable barrier.

Altho hoping that now at last their trials might end in the peaceful possession of their newly-found homes, it was soon sadly realized that their heaviest sorrows were only about to begin. For immediately they were met by opposition from the Canadian fur company, who regarded them as invaders and detrimental to their interests. The Indians also objected to the occupation and cultivation of their ancestral hunting grounds, and were instigated to hostile proceedings against the new-comers. Thus the year passed away without any satisfactory progress being made by the unfortunate and dejected immigrants; who at length, forced to flee from the Indians.

sought refuge and spent the following winter (1812-13) in great misery at Pembina; where fort Daer had recently been built by the Hudson's Bay company.

With the arrival of spring, however, they had succeeded in conciliating their enemies so far as to be permitted to return and erect log dwellings for themselves, and also begin the cultivation of small patches of land along the banks of the Red river. After nearly a year of comparative peace they were again fiercely assailed by their former enemies and compelled to flee a second time to Pembina for refuge and shelter.

Reinforced the following spring by another company of immigrants from Scotland, the settlers returned to rebuild their ruined homes—determined, notwithstanding the threats of their enemies, and the many discouragements constantly attending them, to heroically renew their former struggles. During several years thereafter the hostilities continued, and culminated finally in the battle of Seven Oaks—resulting in the death of Governor Sample and about twenty other persons, the capture of a number of the colonists, and the enforced flight of the remainder for refuge to the Norway House.

From this deplorable condition the colony was again restored by the timely arrival of Lord Selkirk in 1817. That year, moreover, the settlers suffered from famine, owing to the failure of the crops. The next year locusts appeared, and in one night every vestige of verdure was removed from the fields, and the unfortunate people left in worse plight than ever before. Moreover, the locusts left their eggs in the ground, and the number of young insects appearing the following season, rendered the cultivation of the soil, for that year at least, wholly useless.

So while the impoverished settlers again took refuge from starvation and cold at Pembina, lord Selkirk, at an expense of £1,000, imported two hundred and fifty bush-

els of seed wheat from the United States; and this sown in the spring of 1820, produced a bountiful crop in the autumn of that year. This was the last service of the noble earl for the colony he had labored so hard to establish; as he died the following year in southern France, whither he had gone in the hope of improving his fast-failing health.

It was during the early portion of this most trying period, about 1814, that a party of the colonists, discouraged and homesick, set out in mid-winter for western Ontario, going by way of the lake of the Woods and north of lake Superior. Several of them died on the way; but the greater portion of them reached lake Simcoe, where a few of their descendants still reside. Others of the colonists wandered away to the south, some going as far as to Florida.

It was not until the peaceful fusion of the rival companies, brought about thro the influence of the two governments of England and France in 1821—the year of Lord Selkirk's death—that the colony began to make steady progress; and thenceforth the settlers began to enjoy greater ease and tranquility than had fallen to their lot even in their “old Scotland.”

III.

RIVAL RELIGIOUS INTERESTS.

Meanwhile the population of the country was steadily increasing. Many of the servants of the fur companies, as well as a number of the Swiss and German volunteers from the DeMueron regiment which lord Selkirk had brought over to protect the colonists, began to regard

this country as their home; and being far away from all congenial society as well as domestic enjoyments, they took wives of the native Crees, and became the heads of large families. These "half-breed" families located their settlements along the wooded streams that watered the country.

Those who were descendants of the Northwestern company's employees, being French, were for the most part Roman Catholic in their religion; and were looked after by the Jesuit missionaries who had found their way into the country, following the line of commerce westward from Montreal. But those who were descendants of the servants of the Hudson's Bay company, were Protestants; and were looked after by missionaries of the Church of England, brought over in the Company's ships.

Altho many of the Hudson's Bay company were Scotch Presbyterians, they were in a manner constrained to the usages of the Church of England; as the company would not import any missionaries who were not of that particular form of faith.

The original agreement of the colonists with lord Selkirk included four things: the first of which was, that "they should have the services of a minister of their own denomination." Altho the colonists were for a long time without a regularly ordained minister of their own, elder James Sutherland was authorized by the Presbyterian church of Scotland to "marry and baptize." He came to the Red river settlement in 1815, and was the *first* actual colonial missionary of any denomination in that region. For three years he faithfully performed the duties of his office, until in the conflict between the rival fur companies, he was forcibly carried away by the Northwest company in 1818.

Of him it was afterward truthfully said, that "of all

men, clergymen and others, that ever entered the country, none stood higher in the estimation of the settlers, both for sterling piety and Christian conduct, than elder Sutherland."

After the removal of this godly elder, altho it had all along been the wish of lord Selkirk—himself a member of the Presbyterian church of Scotland—to fulfill his pledge to the people and to supply them with a minister of their own, he failed to see his purpose realized before the event of his death in 1821.

Two years previously the Church Missionary society of London had sent out a missionary to the young colony; who as well as his successors, it deserves to be said, proved to be full of zeal for the Church, and of devotion to the spiritual interests of the people. But still the highland colonists were not satisfied. They attended the services of the Company's chaplain at St. John's, but adhered stubbornly to their own faith. And at their own homes they continued to maintain the sacred fire, kept up their cottage prayer-meetings, sang from their own loved version of "the Psalms of David;" and when, in 1844, they were visited by the Bishop of Montreal, they refused to be confirmed at his hands.

IV.

ARRIVAL OF REVS. BLACK AND NESBIT.

In the time of governor McKenzie (1820-30) the Selkirk settlers had held repeated meetings and sent petitions, all unavailing, to England for a minister of their own. Another petition was sent in 1844 to the officers of the Hudson's Bay company in London, but still with-

out effect. A copy of this last petition was, however, sent to the moderator of the new-born Free church of Scotland, and was by that body referred to the Presbyterian church of Canada. From them it received favorable attention; and in the summer of 1851 Mr. John Black, a student in Knox college, Toronto, was selected to visit and explore the Red river country as their missionary, with instructions to report to them the condition of things as he should find them there.

After a long and toilsome journey, Mr. Black arrived at a point on the Red lake river in northern Minnesota, known as Fisher's landing—about a dozen miles from the present city of Grand Forks; and from there he proceeded, partly by ox-cart and partly by water, northwards—preaching at different points along the way, particularly at Pembina—until at last, much wearied in body and mind, he reached the settlement of Kildonan a few miles below fort Garry.

This was on September 18th, 1851. Nearly eight years previously (Christmas, 1843) the settlers had been greatly cheered by a two-weeks' visit from the American missionaries, Messrs. Ayer and Barnard, of Red lake, Minnesota. But now, when they perceived that a Presbyterian missionary of their own had really come to dwell among them, they were almost wild with joy and excitement. They gathered around him from all quarters with heartfelt expressions of gratitude to God for sending them at last a pastor in answer to their many and fervent prayers.

On the first Sabbath after his arrival, Mr. Black worshipped with the body of the people at St. John's; but on the following Sabbath, in the manse which had already been erected in Kildonan, nearly three hundred Presbyterians met with their young Canadian minister and renewed the broken line of thirty-three years before, when

the godly Sutherland had ceased to lead them in their public devotions.

Mr. Black having entered amid much enthusiasm upon his labors among this interesting people, a Presbyterian church was soon organized, with a large congregation of very happy and devout worshippers. He found the people really hungering and thirsting for the gospel. He had no difficulty in securing and ordaining a noble bench of elders, who strengthened the hands and encouraged the heart of the young pastor by heartily assisting him in the work of visiting the people and holding prayer-meetings from house to house. Thus aided, he was enabled to reach out to other settlements, and organize missions at several points along the Red and Assinaboine rivers, which had been peopled by families branching out from the original settlement of Kildonan.

In the summer of 1853, after two years of diligent labor among this primitive and teachable people, it became necessary for young Black to return to Canada to report his work and devote some time to the further improvement of his mind. Whereupon his loving and endeared parishioners, the first-fruits of his ministry, gathered around him with many expressions of sorrow at the prospect of his departure. They could not consent to part with him unless he would agree to return to them again.

He finally assured them that he would use his best endeavors to secure them another minister, failing which, if spared, he would return to them himself; and to this they reluctantly and sadly consented.

Returning to Toronto, he reported his work to the Canadian church and was commended for his fidelity. But he failed to find a man willing to cut himself off from the civilization and comforts of home, and devote himself to the arduous and self-sacrificing labor called for among the sparse settlements of "the great lone land."

According to his promise, therefore, he felt himself bound to return, assuredly gathering therefrom, that the Lord had called him to that important field. So having determined to bid farewell to Canada, perhaps for ever, and devote his life and talents to a people, whom he had now begun to look upon as peculiarly his own, he set out again for his distant field; and after another long and perilous journey found himself once more among the rejoicing people of Kildonan where he was destined to live and die.

Mr. Black's settlement at Kildonan proved a great blessing to that community, and ultimately to the whole country. He took a great interest in education, and laid the foundation of what has since developed into Manitoba college. He built the first Presbyterian church at fort Garry—now Winnipeg—collecting the money himself from door to door.

After thirty years of faithful and devoted labor in his large field, for a good part of the time laboring entirely alone, his eminently useful career was brought to a close in 1882. To him belongs the honor of laying the foundations of Presbyterianism in the Canadian northwest.

Mr. Black was joined in 1862 by the Rev. James Nesbit, a man of kindred spirit, and possessed of a variety of talents which well fitted him for a new country. He was the pioneer Presbyterian missionary to the Indians of that region, as Mr. Black had already been to the Selkirk settlers. The Mission begun by him was located on the banks of the Saskatchewan, at Prince Albert, in 1866; and around it has gathered the principal settlement of the Northwest territories.

Within the cemetery surrounding the quaint old church of Kildonan where Dr. Black had so long ministered,

stand two granite monuments in close proximity to each other, and bearing the names so dear to the people of Kildonan and also to those of the entire northwest. The one bears the following inscription:

*"In Memory of John Black, D. D.
Pastor of Kildonan, and First Presbyterian Missionary
to Rupert's Land"*

*Born in Dumfrieshire, Scotland, Jan. 8th, 1818;
Came to Kildonan Sept. 18, 1851; died July 11, 1882."*

The other reads:

*"In Memory of Rev. James Nesbit
Pioneer Presbyterian Missionary to the Indians
In the Northwest Territory
Born in Glasgow, Scotland, Sept. 8, 1828. Settled at
Prince Albert, N. W. T., and established the Mission
There Among the Cree Indians in 1866;
Died at Kildonan, Sept. 30, 1874."*

The following lines from the pen of a later pastor of Kildonan* may be appropriately appended here, as a loving tribute to the fathers of Presbyterianism of the Canadian Northwest:

*Far in the great lone land,
In distant west—
Far from the friends they loved,
'Mid prairies vast;*

*There for the Christ they served
With self-denial,
Toil and self-sacrifice
And many a trial;*

*There to their fellow-men,
Red man and white,
God's grace they did proclaim,
Love infinite.*

*Rev. C. D. McDonald, Ph. D.

*The prairies far and wide
Their toils have seen;
For long in Christ they two
Had brothers been.*

*And kindred labors had
Both hearts employed;
Each had with other wept—
With other joyed.*

*How fitting that their dust
In death should be
So close together laid—
As here we see.*

*Servants of God well done,
At home, at rest;
Your battles fought—and won,
How still, how blest.*

*Calm be your sleep, till He,
Our Lord shall come
To set His children free,
And bring them home.*

APPENDIX



- (A)—An Important Treaty.
- (B)—Observations on the Algonquin Languages.
- (C)—Pioneer Printing Presses.
- (D)—Historical Significance of American Missions.
- (E)—Walhalla Martyrs Memorial

(Appendix—A) AN IMPORTANT TREATY.

The following facts concerning a certain Treaty, which was made between the Sioux and Ojibway tribes of Indians in Minnesota, are too important and significant to be left unrecorded. They were related by the Rev. S. G. Wright, of Oberlin, only a short time ago. Mr. Wright labored as a missionary among the Ojibway Indians forty-four years, was personally present and cognizant of what he relates. He is now past eight-six years of age, of sound mind and clear recollection, and his testimony can be relied upon with the utmost confidence:

The missionaries had not been long on the ground before they discovered that a most cruel and deadly state of warfare existed between the Ojibways and Sioux, and had thus existed for hundreds of years. This led to their attacking and killing each other whenever there was an opportunity. War parties were fitted out nearly every summer, on both sides, to go on the war path. To add to the intensity of this all-pervading war spirit, came in the sentiment founded on the custom of blood revenge, which exists so generally among all barbarous and semi-barbarous peoples. Almost every family had one or more murders to be avenged. There was, not far from the resi-

dence of Mr. Wright, an elderly woman living entirely alone, whose family—husband and several children—had been killed by their common enemy. Of course she felt it her solemn duty to have blood for blood for each one of them; and all her relatives sympathized with her in this, and were ready to take the war path at any time to help her accomplish this vengeance.

This state of things was, of course, greatly deplored by the missionaries, and led them to study earnestly how they might be able to remedy or mitigate the evil, as it greatly hindered the progress of their work among the two tribes. It seemed, moreover, that the Indians themselves had some sense of the mischief which this state of hostility between the tribes was constantly bringing upon them; for, curiously enough, along with this hostility and constant warfare with each other, they were in the habit of getting up a “peace meeting” about every year. When the peace meeting was called and managed by the old men, the resulting treaty would usually last six months or a year. But when managed by the young braves their “peace” meeting was very apt to end in a fight.

Years passed on and the warlike spirit continued unremedied and unmitigated. At last, in 1872, the head chief of the Ojibways came one day with a very serious air to Mr. Wright and expressed a desire to talk with him.

He said, “I wish to have a meeting of my people with our neighbors, the Sioux, to see if we cannot make a treaty of peace that shall last forever. I am tired of war and blood-shed.”

Mr. Wright replied, “You have ‘peace meetings’ about every year and they seem to amount to nothing.”

The chief replied with great seriousness, “I want a treaty which the Great Spirit will approve, and which He will help us carry out.”

"That is all right," responded Mr. Wright, "and whatever I can do to assist in this matter, I shall be very glad to do."

The chief then dictated a letter in his native language, which he wished to send to the Sioux chief. Mr. Wright wrote this out in English, to be translated into the Sioux vernacular when it should reach its destination. This was quite a long letter, and was pervaded throughout with a Christian spirit; and seemed to Mr. Wright at the time to be a very remarkable letter for an Indian chief to compose. It set forth in detail the terrible mischief which the war spirit had brought upon the people of the two tribes, and also pictured in admirable terms the benefits which a state of peace would surely bring to them.

The Ojibway chief selected ten of his wisest men to bear the letter to the Sioux. These men were instructed to proceed under a flag of truce, which the Indians always respected. Having arrived safely at the head-quarters of the Sioux, they called first on the Government agent and one of the Protestant missionaries—Dr. Riggs or Dr. Williamson. Both of these expressed their cordial approval of the plan proposed, and proceeded to advise the Sioux chief and people to accept of it and heartily unite with the Ojibways in carrying it into effect.

After further consideration and various discussion of the subject, the Sioux chiefs, apparently sincerely, accepted of the letter and the plan proposed therein for the formation of a lasting peace. The Sioux chiefs then dictated a letter in reply, in their own language, to be written out in English—as all their correspondence on both sides was carried on in English and interpreted to the Indians—fully endorsing the sentiments and statements of the Ojibway letter, and agreeing to unite with them in carrying out its proposition for making a lasting treaty of

peace. This letter, which was also written in a Christian spirit, the Ojibway messengers carried back to their own chiefs and people; which when interpreted to them gave great satisfaction.

In reply to the letter of the Sioux chiefs, the head of the Ojibways dictated another letter to Mr. Wright, to be written out in English and addressed as before to the chiefs of the Sioux Indians, in which he re-affirmed the contents of the previous letter, with renewed assurances of sincerity and confidence and with a renewal of the proposition for a mutual conference for making a treaty of peace which the Great Spirit might approve and which should last forever. And he appointed a commission of his wisest men, able-bodied and well-armed, for purposes of protection in going and coming, to bear the letter to the Sioux chiefs and people.

This second letter tended to strengthen the confidence of the Sioux chiefs in the sincerity and honesty of the Ojibways. And they appointed forthwith a commission of twenty men and *five women* to accompany the Ojibway messengers back to their headquarters to unite with them in arranging for the proposed treaty—the Ojibway messengers going along on either side of them for protection, as they had promised to do.

As they neared the Ojibway headquarters an incident occurred which strongly illustrates the terrible character of the revenge spirit which prevailed among both of these tribes at that time. Suddenly a woman rushed forth from her hiding-place in tall grass, seized one of the accompanying Sioux women and dragged her from her pony, and was about to sever her head from her body with her hatchet; and she would have certainly done so, but for the timely interference of one of the Ojibway guards who chanced to be close by. When expostulated with, and asked why she would attempt such a cowardly thing,

her reply was that she thought it was a good opportunity to get revenge for having been once chased by a Sioux Indian, hatchet in hand, to split her head open. This had rankled in her mind all these years, to be appeased only by the scalp of some one of their common enemy.

Afterwards, when the head chief of the Ojibways explained and apologized in full council to the Sioux commissioners for this unexpected outrage upon their common good faith, he said, among other things, that he hoped they would bear in mind the fact that this had been done by a *woman*, and that no *man* would have thought of doing such a cowardly thing.

When this Sioux commission of twenty men and five women, guarded by the twenty Ojibway messengers, had arrived safely at the Ojibway headquarters, they were cordially greeted by fully fifteen hundred people, gathered by their chief to meet and receive them in a becoming manner.

After mutual handshaking all around, which occupied several hours, the head chief of the Ojibways—the same that had dictated the letter originally sent to the Sioux—explained to this joint council of the two tribes the object of the meeting, and said they were assembled together—not as savages, but as *Christians*; and that their object was to unite in the spirit of their Savior and of that gospel that had been preached to them, and in the spirit of friendship and good-will—to formulate a treaty of peace such as the Great Spirit would approve, and would help them to abide by as long as they lived and forever.

Other speeches were made on both sides, and a harmonious agreement reached; and all seemed pleased with the result. At the request of the chiefs, Mr. Wright drew up articles of agreement in harmony with the sentiment of the letters which had passed between the two tribes. This was their treaty of peace. It was signed

by all the chiefs present; and several copies of it were prepared by Mr. Wright for those who were absent.

When all this was done, the leading chiefs made some additional remarks. Along with other things, he declared with caustic and truthful severity, that "white men have two tongues; with one they tell the truth, with the other they tell *lies*, the one sweet, the other *bitter*. I give you all four years to see which of these tongues you will use in regard to this treaty of peace which you have made today. If you keep it, that is the sweet tongue of truth; if you break it, that is the white man's tongue of bitterness and falsehood."

On the whole this Peace conference closed very happily, and with good promise for the future. The Sioux commissioners remained two weeks with the Ojibways; and they all spent the time together in jubilee fashion—singing and praying—with f sting and dancing, altogether in a decent and orderly way.

Mr. Wright says that this peace treaty has been honorably kept on both sides, from that day to this—thirty years; and there has been no indication whatever on either side of a desire to return to the old order of things, with its blood-shed and murder; and that the two tribes continue to visit together as friendly neighbors, make presents back and forth, and assist each other as occasion requires. Thus in an admirable and thoroly Christian manner, was removed, once and forever, one of the greatest obstacles to the success of missionary labor among those tribes, and much blood and suffering saved thereby.

The name of the Ojibway chief who initiated this noble movement and caried it to a successful issue—and whose name deserves to be held in lasting remembrance—was "Made-way-gah-no-nint," which signifies, "he who is spoken to from a distance." Mr. Wright thinks he is still living, altho past eighty years of age.

—REV. R. HATCH, Scr.

Oberlin, O., Aug., 1902.

(Appendix B.)

SOME OBSERVATIONS ON THE ALGONQUIN LANGUAGE.

(By REV. S. G. WRIGHT)

Seeing that the American Indians are all manifestly of the same race or stock, it has long been considered a remarkable fact that the languages of the different tribes are entirely distinct, and appear to have little or nothing in common.

Mr. Wright understands that the experts connected with the Smithsonian Institute at Washington, who have made a diligent study in regard to this matter, report that they find as many as sixty-five different and distinct languages among the Algonquin family of the American Indians alone.

As he gained a knowledge of the Ojibway language, and watched their relations with their neighbors, the Sioux, he became aware that their languages were entirely distinct, and seemed to have nothing in common. The Ojibways threw out their words from their lips, in rather a pleasant way; while the speech of the Sioux (or Dakotas) was altogether guttural, or from the throat.

Mr. Wright also found, after years of patient study of the Ojibway language, and from using it in teaching and preaching, as well as in conversation, that it seemed adequate and sufficient for the expression of all forms of moral and religious truths; and that its declensions and inflections and forms of expression are wonderfully varied; and in all its entire construction wholly beyond the ability or genius of any living Ojibway man or woman.

He observed, also, that in its transmission orally, or from father to son, no mistakes were ever made. Incorrect or ungrammatical expressions were never once heard among them—on the part of either parents or children. And that the missionaries, in their awkward and incorrect use of the language, often made themselves objects of ridicule and laughter to all.

(Appendix C.)

OTHER PIONEER PRINTING PRESSES.

Since writing the foregoing in regard to the Barnard press, we have come across the remarkable story of the pioneer press of the Pacific coast, now fortunately preserved in the State capitol at Oregon.

Concerning this old press it is related that "in 1819—long before the beginning of civilization in Oregon—the Congregational missionaries in the Sandwich Islands had imported the press around Cape Horn from New England, and from that time up to 1839 it had served an excellent purpose in furnishing a Christian literature to the Hawaiians.

"But the Islanders, having at last outgrown it, the native church at Honolulu were led to donate the old one to the new Associated Mission in Oregon,* then under the care of Messrs. Spaulding and Whitman. The press was accordingly set up at Lapwai, Idaho; and used long after in printing portions of the Scriptures, hymn books and other literature, in the Nes Perces language, and which were used in all the Missions of the American Board in Oregon."

(*"How Whitman Saved Oregon"*—by O. W. DIXON—page 268.)

More wonderful still is the account of yet another veritable "pioneer press," which was made and set up not far from the bleak shore of the Hudson's Bay, in connection with the mission of that eminent apostle to the Cree Indians, Rev. James Evans, of the Wesleyan Methodist mission at Norway House, B. C. In 1840 he established the first Protestant mission in the Hudson's Bay region; and for several years thereafter represented an immense district extending hundreds of miles to the north and west of Norway house. He was successful in all his labors; but perhaps his most remarkable achievement was the invention of the Cree syllabic system of writing for the benefit of the native tribes. Akin to that was his manufacture out of the crudest materials and most limited facilities, of a font of type and printing press, which he successfully used—as early as 1840—in printing

*Brought to the mission by E. O. Hale and wife (1839).

portions of the Scriptures, hymns, etc., for the use of the natives in their own language.

Thus at the same early date, at least two of these pioneer presses were in operation—printing the Sacred Scriptures, etc., in the language of the aborigines: one on the Pacific coast, the other in the far north on the arctic slope of our continent; while the Barnard press was doing the same or similar work in the wilds of Minnesota some years later.

(Appendix D)

THE HISTORICAL SIGNIFICANCE OF THE INDIAN MISSIONS IN NORTH AMERICA.

(By HON. J. W. TAYLOR, U. S. CONSUL)

The following communication, addressed to the author on the occasion to which it refers, is appended here as a valuable contribution to the literature of missions, from a close observer and devout student of the subject:

U. S. CONSULATE, WINNIPEG, June 15, 1888

Rev. J. P. Schell.

Dear Sir: I regret that I am prevented by circumstances not within my control, from attending, in pursuance of your kind request, upon the memorial services at Walhalla on the 21st inst., at the unveiling of the monument erected to the memory of the martyred missionaries whose devotion and fate some forty years ago constitute such an impressive incident in the early history of Northern Dakota.

Anticipating that the details of the tragedy at the old St. Joseph Mission will be fully given by others on the occasion referred to, I hope to be indulged in some references to the Historical Significance of the Indian Missions in North America.

The scale of American independence would probably have been turned against the thirteen colonies, except for the Kirkland mission securing the neutrality of the Oneida and the Onondaga tribes of the Iroquis Confederacy, and the influence of the Moravian missions of

Pennsylvania and Ohio in restraining the Delaware nation from hostility.

It is now admitted that the residence of Whitman and Parker, and others, as missionaries to the Columbia river fifty years ago, had a material influence in the recognition of the Territory, now organized as the State of Oregon and the Territory of Washington, as a division of the United States.

In respect to the immense district northwest of lake Michigan, permanent missions were established in 1820 at Mackinac by Presbyterians, at St. Boniface by Roman Catholics, and at St. John (now Winnipeg) by the Church of England, with far-reaching consequences. And the frontier annals of Wisconsin, Minnesota and Dakota, as subsequently organized, will forever preserve the names of Morse, Ferry, Ayer, Hall, Boutwell, Pond, Williamson, Riggs, Stevens, Ravoux and Barnard—missionaries contemporary with the military occupation of Fort Snelling and the peaceful and beneficial fur trade as organized and administered by Sibley, Kittson and Rice, with unbroken harmony between the Indians and the scattered white population of hunters, traders and missionaries.

A similar extension of missionary effort by all Christian denominations was a powerful agency, in combination with the wise administration of the Hudson's Bay Company, in securing permanent tranquility in central British America, now known as districts of Canada, and designated as Manitoba, Assinaboa, Alberta, Saskatchewan, Columbia and MacKenzie Land.

If, during the California gold exodus and the confusion of civil war, exceptions to these peaceful relations have transpired (as in the assassinations at St. Joseph and the Sioux insurrection of 1862-3), let us hope that their recurrence will be hereafter forever prevented; and if so, history will record that no intervention has been more effective than the zeal and self-denial of the Missionaries of the Cross.

Very truly yours,
J. W. TAYLOR.

(Appendix—E)
THE MARTYRS MEMORIAL SERVICES.

Thirty-four years after the tragic termination of the attempts to plant a Protestant mission at St. Joseph, the remains of the martyred missionaries—recovered at last from their long resting places on the open prairie—were reverently exhumed and removed to a beautiful spot in the newly opened cemetery on the hillside back of the village.

Through the efforts of Mrs. C. O. VanCleve a neat marble monument had been erected over the new-made grave of Mrs. Spencer, bearing the following inscription:

SACRED TO THE MEMORY
—OF—
MRS. CORNELIA LEONARD
SPENCER
BORN, AUGUST 3.
1825
KILLED BY INDIANS AUGUST
30th, 1854
At Walhalla, where she and her
husband were laboring as
missionaries.

“Be Thou Faithful Unto Death and I
will give Thee a Crown of Life!”

Also upon the grave of Mrs. Barnard, the scattered fragments of the old tombstone, brought originally from Kildonan and laid upon the former resting place by Mr. Barnard—having been but recently gathered up again and firmly anchored to a heavy limestone slab—were once more placed over the precious remains as originally intended. And in lieu of the early inscription which Mr. Barnard had traced with paint upon its surface, the following inscription

Scene at The Martyr's Graves June 21, 1888



had been cut in the time-worn face of the now historic stone:

IN MEMORY
—OF—
SARAH PHILENA
WIFE OF ALONZO BARNARD
WHO DIED OCT 22, 1853
Of quick consumption, the result
of ten years of exposure
and suffering as a
MISSIONARY FOR
THE GOOD
OF THE INDIANS

—
AGED 34 YEARS AND
19 DAYS
PS. 32 8 AND 37-3.
—

This stone was brought from Selkirk, Man., in 1854: broken, it was laid upon the grave. Afterwards it was removed and lost. Recovered and reverently restored.

June 21st, 1888.

It was on the 21st of June, 1888, as the old stone now records, that the interesting services commemorating the event were held,

"The good people of Walhalla had provided a bountiful lunch for all who came from the surrounding farms and villages; after which all gathered about the spot where the precious remains had been so recently re-interred.

Among those present was Mr. Barnard, the lonely survivor of the early mission; and the meeting of the aged missionary with Mr. Cavileer and other friends of those early days, was a sight that was most touching to witness! Pre-

sent also on the occasion was the Frenchman, Felix Le-Traille, who had dug the first grave of Mrs. Spencer, and had also been employed in locating and exhuming the remains a generation later.

The photograph taken at the time shows him in the foreground, with his pick and spade, seated on a bent sapling; and standing beside him is seen his wife—a Chippewa woman—who cared for the Spencer children the morning after the murder, and accompanied them on their caravan journey to St. Paul.

The ministers representing the Pembina presbytery were grouped near the graves; ladies representing the various missionary societies were near; and a crowd of men, women and children encircled the sacred spot.

After some opening remarks by Rev. Mr. Schell, who had the matter in charge, followed by appropriate addresses by Mrs. Van Cleve and others, the monument was unveiled, after which the aged missionary, standing beside the tomb of his sainted wife, related the story of their early trials and sorrows in such a manner as none of those who heard him will ever forget.

Strong men wept; children listened with rapt attention; and women's hearts were stirred to their depths at the recital of the sufferings and devotion of those noble ones who counted not their lives dear unto themselves, if only they might win to Christ the souls of the ignorant and degraded children of the forest.

Thus was dedicated what is now a sacred spot; and those who were present will pray that those memorial stones against the mountain side may prove a perpetual object lesson to later generations, and a stimulus to increased effort for the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom among the native tribes of our own as well as of other lands."

—MRS. C. O. VAN CLEVE.

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